THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXV No. 1768 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DEC. 9 1933

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The finest mixture at 10D per oz

ALSO PLAYER'S 'AIRMAN' NAVY CUT DE LUXE AT 11D PER OZ.

P.A.32

TRAVEL FOR ADVENTURE

to Australia where it exists to suit time, taste and pocket — beachcombing on coral reefs, playing big fish, rounding up sheep, cattle or kangaroos, shooting buffalo and crocodile, exploring the interior among stone-age aborigines who are quite kind-hearted and full of fun.
Or you can adventure quietly, composedly and comfortably to golf links, tennis courts and perfectly marvellous surfing beaches.

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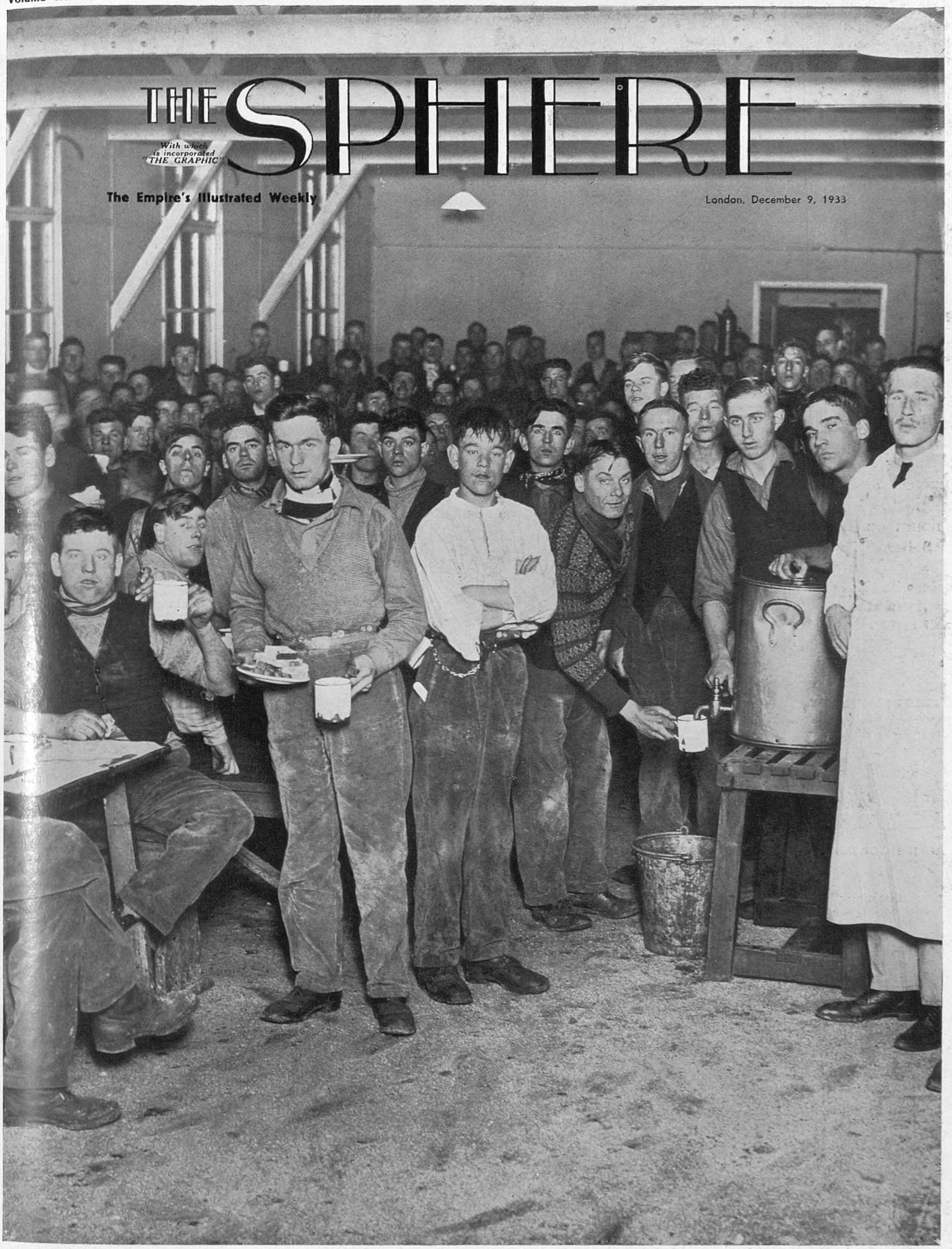
GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 9, 1933



NEW HEALTH for the UNEMPLOYED

How the Government is Assisting the Workless During their Period of Enforced Idleness

While the vast army of Britain's unemployed is steadily decreasing, the Government is at the same time putting into operation a new scheme designed to rehabilitate and sustain the morale of the workless during their period of enforced idleness. This picture was taken at one of the camps near Brandon, Suffolk, where some 800 voluntary recruits from employment exchanges are undergoing a twelve weeks' course of training. The men, who come mostly from the distressed industrial areas of the North, are given corduroy trousers and thick boots, and are employed in digging trenches to guard against forest fires, in land draining and reclamation, and in other useful works. They each receive 3s. a week in addition to their board and lodging, and are trusted to behave in a disciplined manner. During their stay the majority of them show an appreciable gain in weight and an improvement in general health. Altogether there are nine such camps in various parts of the country, and the Ministry of Labour is anxiously looking around for further sites. This effort on the part of the Government is clearly proving a great stimulus and there is no doubt that the men return home after their twelve weeks' course strengthened in mind and body, and better equipped to carry on the fight for work

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

TO SWELL THE FUNDS OF THE PERSONAL SERVICE LEAGUE: Lady Reading, the hard-working chairman, standing beside some of the gifts which are to be auctioned at Bridgewater House on December 14. The Kashmir hanging is one of two presented by the King, while the Queen gave the beautiful Louis Seize gilt and ormolu clock shown in the centre

AT THE TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD DISTRIBUTING CENTRE: A corner of one of the workrooms

Now that winter is here the Personal Service League is busier than ever providing the unemployed of the distressed areas with boots, shoes, and clothing. Many hundreds of families have been equipped, and each day the League, under the enterprising chairmanship of Lady Reading, is extending its work yet further afield. On December 14 an evening party and auction is to be held at Bridgewater House, which Lord and Lady Ellesmere have lent for the function at the very special personal request of the Queen. The Duke and Duchess of York will be attending. The chance to see this famous mansion is a rare one, and many will account it cheap at a guinea. Notable among the valuable gifts which will be sold are a Louis Seize gilt and ormolu clock from the Queen, and two Kashmir hangings from the King, while a sixteenth-century Book of Hours, some Charles II silver, rare first editions of manuscripts, and a vinaigrette which was given to Queen Victoria by King Louis-Philippe, are other items which make the auction in itself one of first-class importance. It must not be thought, however, that only expensive art works are being offered, for those who attend will find a host of articles which will make admirable Christmas presents, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that their money will go directly towards providing the unemployed with the necessities of life. At least a hundred London hostesses are giving parties prior to the event. Many others have promised to attend and to bring their friends, and the evening already promises to achieve the success it so fully deserves.

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 6, 1933.

STOP-GAP OR RE-BUILDING.

—An impartial and reasoned view of Mr. Roosevelt's great experiment from an American has helped me to understand better the great issues at stake in the U.S.A., the difficulties of the President's task, and the questions regarding it which Americans are asking themselves. The report I have received begins by remarking that in the nine months of Roosevelt's Presidency more fundamental changes have been wrought in the structure of American society than in the previous decade. The writer cites only two tremendous changes —Russian - American relations have been adjusted and in the case of prohibition another ten years' *impasse* is ended, and that which two years ago would have been regarded as a miracle, is a *fait accompli*. These two instances are important enough. The writer then says that unquestionably the President and his advisers are out to rebuild and not to patch up. They believe they have a mandate to refashion American social, political, and economic life on a lasting basis; that they *know* what the trouble is and have the means to cure it. Their objective is something more than a redistribution of wealth; it is a planned economy to end the "ups and downs" of the economic cycle, and so to build that in future depressions will be mild, and destructions of values no longer fatal.

A LONDON

PERMANENT FOUNDATIONS.

—Government control over industry in the States is no passing phase. The N.R.A. and the A.A.A., though they may undergo modification of policy and powers, have come to stay. The era of "rugged individualism," the creed of "dog eats dog," is at an end, and the Federal Government henceforth must be paternal, and a regulating control. Thus, the fundamental policy of the President includes the premise that industries must henceforth be satisfied with small profits so that as large a purchasing power as possible may without delay be placed in the hands of wage-earner and farmer. The true function of business men must now be to use their "directing genius" to maintain a balance between supply and demand, between farmers and labouring men. Their material reward will be no more than a "modest return on capital" and "fair salaries." Huge individual profits are no longer to be regarded as a dynamic force in American life. [It is interesting to compare the views of Mr. Lloyd George as recorded in Lord Riddell's (Peace Treaty and After) intimate diary on this point. Mr. George, according to Lord Riddell, had swung round to an exactly contrary view.]

MR. ROOSEVELT'S POLITICS.

—The President himself is then "labelled" accurately in his grade and shade as a politician. He is further to the left than was Hoover. He is a "practical realist," who belongs to the Liberal school, but he is neither a Socialist nor yet an extreme left winger. He is, in a word, a "moderate leftist" who is out to democratize society, and carry a reaction against the over-concentration of wealth in few hands. In this purpose he has held so far in control both the Liberal and the Conservative elements in his party, and is entitled to congratulate himself that the Republicans have hitherto refrained from seriously obstructing his programme. I am bound to say that after studying the report of which I have tried to make a précis, a larger sympathy in Mr. Roosevelt's aims, and a firmer faith in their ultimate success accrue to me.

SIR STAFFORD'S PLAN.—

It is rather stimulating to observe how closely this view of Mr. Roosevelt's political and economic policy agrees with the broad lines of Sir Stafford Cripps' Socialist programme as broadcast last week. Both take their stand on the principle that the products of a nation's industry must be distributed for use and not for private profit. Sir Stafford Cripps, of course, goes much further, but, to be just, I should like to record my opinion that his programme was ably set forth, was restrained, clear, and forceful, and contained just that deft touch (and no more) of appeal to sentiment which a mere demagogue would have overdone. My quarrel with Sir Stafford is on one point of omission only. Why did he not endeavour to explain away the ghastly failure of two Socialist Governments since the War? Each started out to cure our ills under conditions far less critical than those which brought into being the National Government, and each brought the country in a short time to the verge of ruin, thereby convincing several of its own leaders that the constitution and institutions of England cannot be changed in an hour, and that the Socialist *coup-d'état* is a dream of lunacy.

H. H. A. TO MRS. HARRISSON.

— The late Lord Oxford belonged to the age of Parliamentary prestige. Its great traditions and usefulness were dying in his heyday and he himself saw the coming eclipse and appreciated the causes. In theory I detest the publication untimely of private letters of the kind which Mr. MacCarthy has just given us. I would have it an article of our social code that nothing of the kind be published for sixty years, and that thereafter anything and everything private might be published, if it seemed worth while, without let or hindrance. Mr. MacCarthy of course has done his job well and in these private letters of Mr. Asquith I find nothing jarring. The little volume tells us nothing new, nothing which the official *Life* did not fully bring out. Indeed, the only letter essentially valuable — that wonderful description of Lord Rosebery in decay at Mentmore—had already been "bagged" for the *Life*. In pointing out the extraordinary wisdom and clarity of Mr. Asquith's statesmanship in respect to the Peace Treaty policy of the Allies, Mr. MacCarthy merely repeats what the *Life* made clear. See the Paisley Election of 1920. He was utterly right about the folly of annihilating the Central Powers, about the crime of our domestic squandermania, about Ireland, and about another half-dozen vital issues. He was a statesman of our great days and a true prophet. But if these letters show anything vital, they show that if he had the prophet's vision, he lacked the prophet's enthusiasm. He was politically a cynic and he was lazy-minded. He despised the arts of the demagogue and the expedients of politics. He was at heart an aristocrat, while being quite unconscious of class barriers. He was not a man to warm men's hearts or evoke personal affection from strangers. He was human without being able to melt our hearts by his humanness. I get nearest to loving him because he cared so much for the kind of literature I prize and wrote so scholarly and so keenly about it.

PUBLICATION NOT JUSTIFIED.

—Yet I think the publication of these letters—with their dozen or so of causes for pain and bitterness—is not justified merely to show us an Asquith who loved good literature and wrote charmingly about his favourite books. We knew already that he was—almost alone—wise in his generation of post-War Bedlamites; and knowing now by bitter experience all that he foresaw, we are not surprised that he was a cynic and scorned his fellow "statesmen."

THE SOLID BUSINESS OF THE DAY: An alfresco Coursing Club's meeting at Six

NEWSLETTER

There was no plea of *pro bono publico*. It is not suggested that these letters were published in order to enhance or justify Lord Oxford's political reputation. The name of his correspondent is known to everybody and no serious attempt was made to conceal it. There is no reason why it should be so, and no reason why we should doubt that the letters were published because the lady wished that the world should know in her lifetime that she enjoyed for a dozen years a charming intellectual friendship with a distinguished statesman and scholar in the sunset of his days. But, since clearly she valued highly, and could appreciate to the full, this rare communion of sympathies and literary interests, one asks why did she decide to reveal it to the curious world at large which can be depended on to vulgarize everything. Already that vulgar, curious world has given her pain, as was to be expected.

POLITICIAN OR PLAY-WRIGHT?—When a play-writer makes his play the vehicle for political propaganda, one is never quite certain whether his political creed has been sacrificed a little to the needs of art. For the artist is stronger and more sincere than the politician. If a politician writes a play or a novel for propaganda purposes, you can trust him to set out fairly his honest political convictions and you needn't worry much about the technique. But when the playwright writes for propaganda purposes, time and again the politician in him will be betrayed by the artist in him. Which is Bernard Shaw—politician or artist? Few men have a finer sense of the theatre, and yet . . . has he ever given us a play which satisfies the accepted standards of what a play must do and be? Has he ever touched the heart? or the imagination, other than intellectual? If the function of a stage play is not to touch the heart and to open the gates of romance and to set sentiment or sensibility free, I am all at sea. Did Mr. Shaw ever do this?—even in *You Never can Tell?* Latterly, no doubt, he has deliberately sacrificed his dramatic art to political propaganda in *St. Joan*, in *The Apple Cart*, in *Back to Methuselah*, and *On the Rocks* he must be accepted definitely as a political propagandist. I think myself he always was so. Therefore I accept his political aphorisms in *On the Rocks* as a strict authority for his political creed in 1933. He believes that parliamentary institutions are moribund, that democracy is a childish ideal, totally unworkable; that the tyranny of a single dictator is far less intolerable than the deprivation of personal liberty at the hands of innumerable street-corner tyrants who work by bullying and sneaking and prying; that the governing class has forgotten how to govern, and the intellectual classes have dedicated all their energy and store of serious purpose to games. In a word, England, socially, morally, and intellectually, is on the rocks and will remain high and dry until a man emerges who will assume dictatorial powers and force the ship once more into a definite channel, and galvanize into ordered activity and towards sane objectives what remains of our national heritage of first-rate qualities, statesmanship, citizenship, and intellectual vigour.

ROAD ACCIDENTS.—It will be a misfortune, to say the least of it, if the Ministry of Transport's interim report on the examination into road accidents is complacently accepted as a full justification for the Ministry's long-sustained policy of *laisser faire*. So long as 6,000 citizens are killed annually on the roads in motor car accidents, it can be little consolation to hear that figures have been worse, or that pedestrians have only themselves to blame. Men were made before machines and are entitled even now to consideration, and there is no reason to regard as a back number the old rule of law that he who employs a dangerous machine or instrument has a more than normal duty of taking care not to injure his neighbour. That pedal cyclists are very often selfish, careless, and reckless, every motorist knows, and knows also that small boys and old folk walking on the roads or paths are constantly doing stupid things. The fact remains that a motor car in any hands is still a dangerous machine and that its user has special responsibilities. The case in my mind is clearly made out for the re-imposition in cities and other special areas of a speed limit, at any rate during the crowded hours when the bulk of accidents occur; and nothing disclosed in the report can justify the present cessation of the new and welcome activity on the part of the police in regard to dangerous or careless driving. There is a good case made out moreover for complying with the proposal of the Magistrates' Association that suspension of licence should be a penalty for proven *careless* driving as for *dangerous* driving. The report reveals a shocking state of affairs, and proves that, whatever the contributary causes, the motor vehicle is a danger to the community, and must quickly be rendered less so.

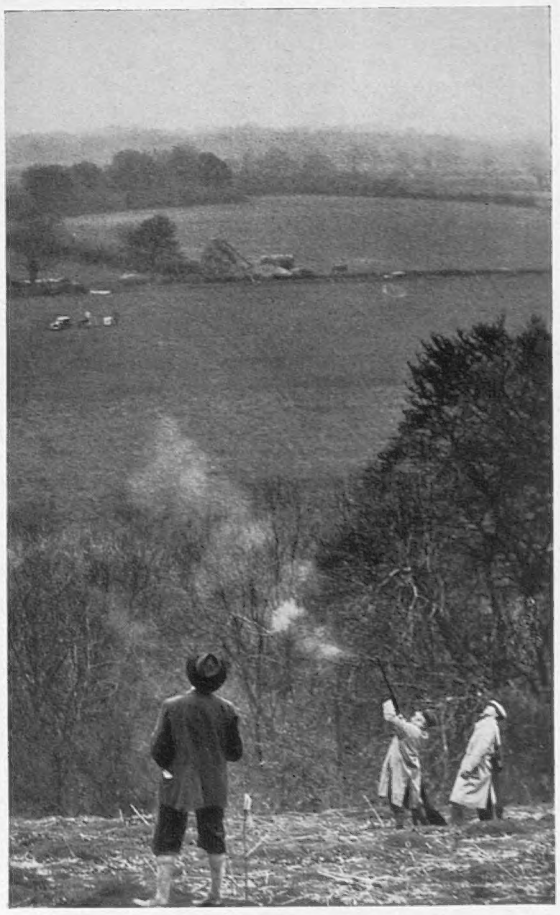
BLUEBEARD'S PRIVATE LIFE.—By the same post came to me two "strong representations" from correspondents regarding the film of *The Private Life of Henry VIII*. The film must positively be banned in India on a variety of grounds—bad for Indian morals, bad for British prestige, bad for the Indian conception of kingship, and so forth. [Unfortunately (or fortunately for me) Sir Samuel Hoare has already declared that he cannot interfere with the Indian Film Censor's discretion.] From Boston the representations were not only strong, but long, and tremendously well informed. Massachusetts, it seems, has viewed the film, and all well-informed Bostonians have condemned it. Not for its effect on Boston's conception of kingship or the marriage laws, but entirely on historical grounds. The film, say Boston's highbrows, is a travesty of fact. Henry, a younger son, was carefully educated and rigorously trained for the Church. He was talented, versatile, well grounded, and well informed, a brilliant musician, a sound theologian, a man of taste. A boisterous boor could never have evolved from such a training. Ferdinand and Katharine of Aragon were the villains of the piece.

THE OLD STAGER

A LOAD OF CHEER: Trees for the Christmas festivities which have been cut down on the hillside above Lake Thirlmere and which are to be sold by the Manchester Corporation

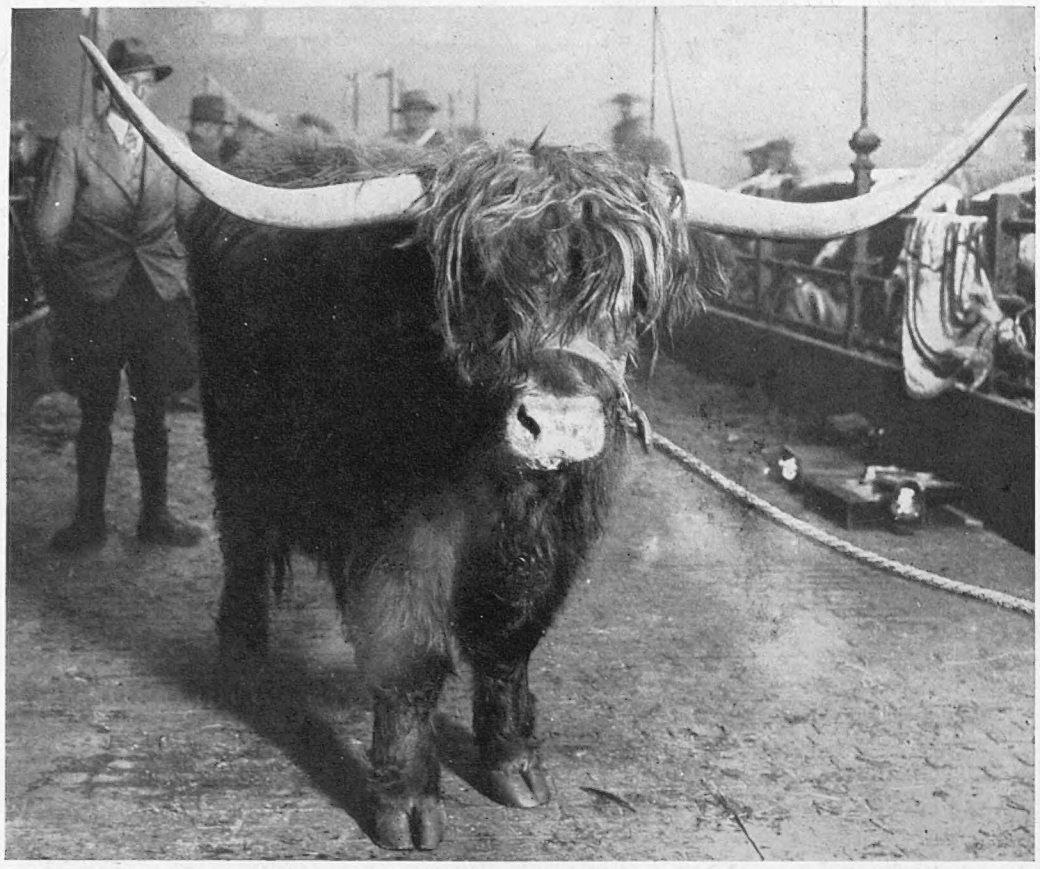
WINTER COMES TO DEVON: A snow scene from Dartmoor taken after a blizzard which occurred during last week-end

...cheon party on the first day of the South of England
...le Bottom near Newmarket



SPORT IN HAMPSHIRE: One of the guns in action at the Labrador Retriever Club's 31st Field Trials at Charlton, near Horndean

HOME NEWS

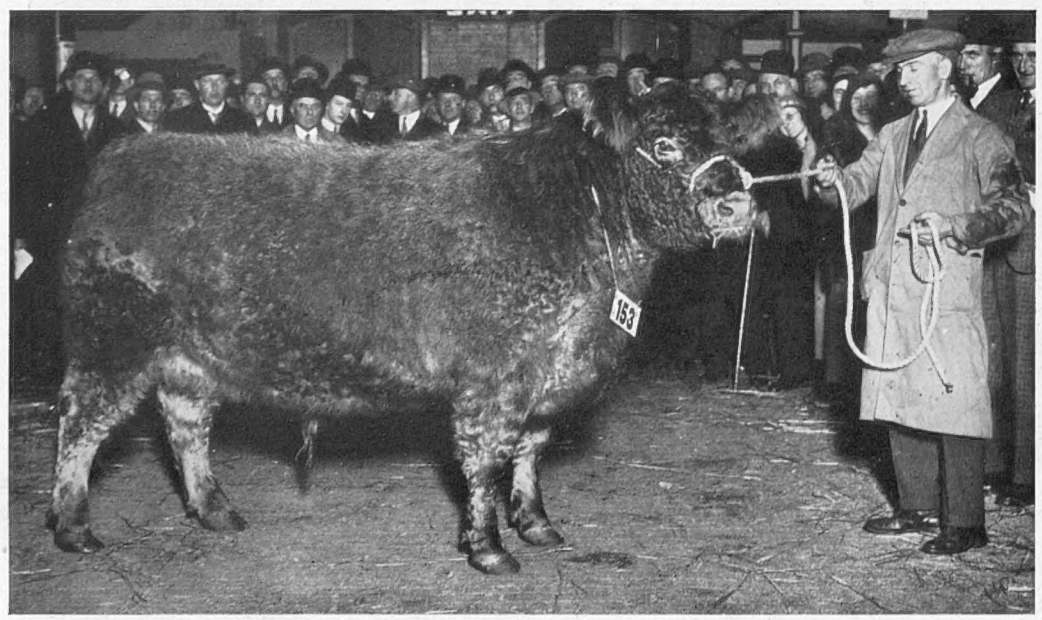


ONE OF THE SCOTTISH CONTINGENT AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB'S SHOW: A Highland steer, owned by Mr. Reginald Derisley, arriving at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington

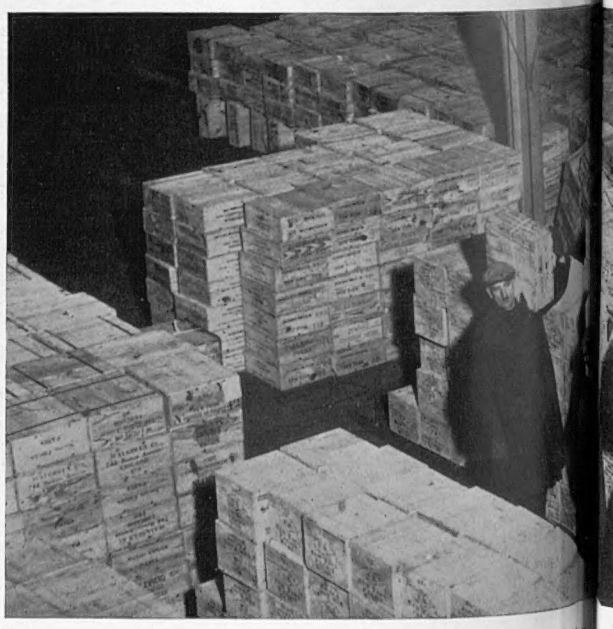
ARSENAL v. VIENNA: The rival captains, Walter Nausch (white shirt) and Alex James, shaking hands before the start of last Monday's match at Highbury. Arsenal won by four goals to two

JUDGING THE SHEEP AND THE HIGHLAND STEER: Another picture from the Smithfield Club's Show at the Agricultural Hall

PRACTISING FOR THE TORPIDS AT OXFORD: Worcester College on the Isis in preparation



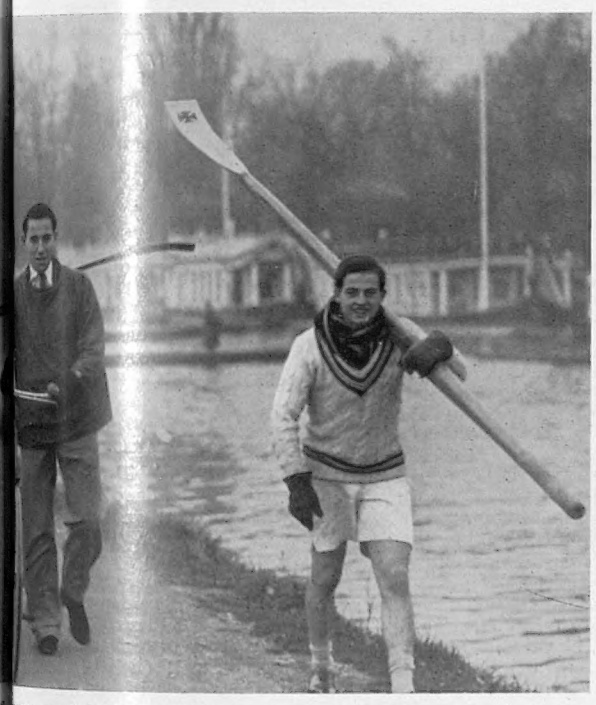
A TRIUMPH FOR AN OUTSTANDING BREED: Mr. James Craig's two-year-old Galloway steer, "Gold Flake," which secured the supreme championship at the Smithfield Club's show this week. The thick-fleshed qualities of this type are particularly noticeable, and this award in the live classes has been described as "a welcome recognition of the present-day requirements of the butcher"



BRITAIN DELIVERS THE GOODS: With the cessation of Prohibition to leave, British ports for New York. This picture was taken a wines and spirits were loaded aboard the liner *Washington*, The celebrate the end of the dry regime in

OF THE WEEK

IN THE HIGHLAND CAPITAL: The artificial curling pond at Inverness has an excellent sheet of ice and during the past few days has been crowded with enthusiasts



crew on their way to the boathouse for an afternoon's practice or the forthcoming races

the United States, shipments of liquor are leaving, or are ready w days ago on the quay at Southampton when 5,000 cases of carcity of legal liquor made it necessary for many Americans to ootleg whisky and "bathtub" gin

EXCAVATIONS IN THE CHEDDAR GORGE: Mr. A. C. H. Gough (foreground), a son of the discoverer of the famous caves, who is now conducting digging operations in a cleft in the rock where some twenty-two years ago fifteen skeletons were unearthed. Among the new finds are over forty coins, several bone needles, and two bronze bracelets

A SCHOLASTIC DEMONSTRATION: Some of the 2,000 school teachers who recently marched on the County Hall in an attempt to persuade the London County Council to restore the 10 per cent. cuts in their salaries. The demonstration was organized by the London Schoolmasters' Association

BOUND FOR WESTMINSTER: The tug *Britannia* on her way from Tower Bridge to the House of Commons to present a petition drawing attention to the grievances of officers of the British Merchant Navy. A similar petition is being placed before the House of Lords

A THANKSGIVING PARADE: A team of oxen drawing in procession the statue of St. Anthony of Padua which farmers of the district have presented to Littoria — the new city which is rising on the site of the Pontine marshes. The great land settlement project in this area, which is sponsored by Mussolini, is now nearing completion, and this one-time marsh land is providing the means of livelihood for hundreds of war veterans

THE PAVILION DE LA MUETTE: The house in the Forest of St. Germain which is to be placed at the disposal of each French Prime Minister during his term of office

A FRENCH CHEQUERS

In the Forest of St. Germain

PARIS.

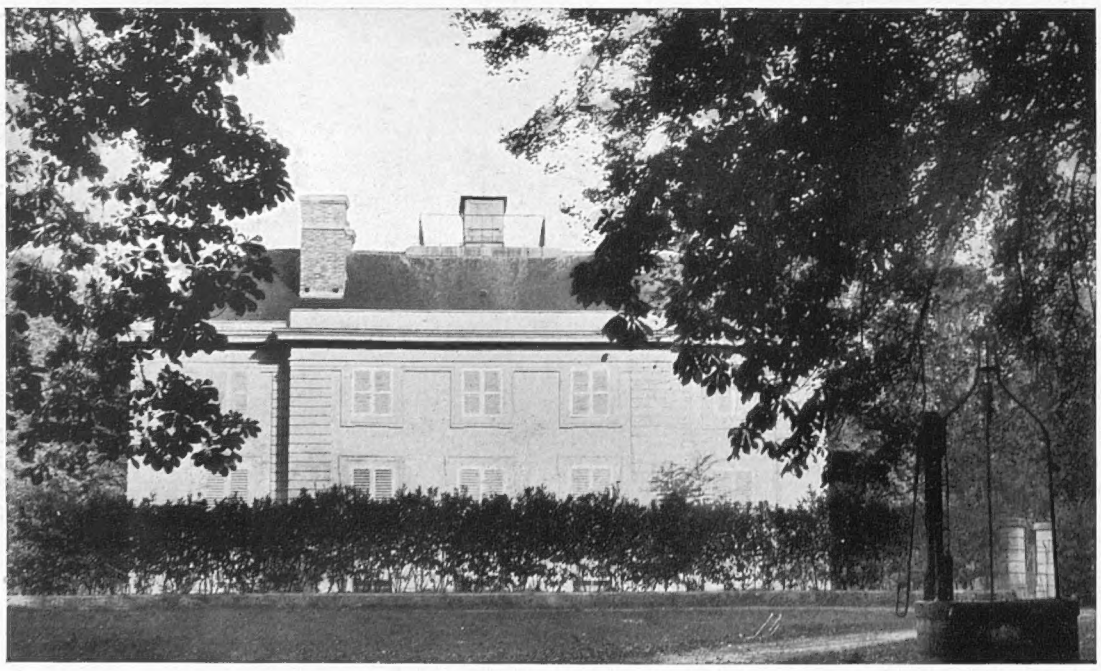
The French Premier is going to have his "Chequers." By a recent Ministerial decree the Pavilion de la Muette, deep in the Forest of St. Germain, not far from Maisons-Laffitte, one of the Parisian suburbs, has been dedicated to such a purpose. But though the idea is quite frankly a borrowed one, there can be no comparison between the splendid establishment which is Chequers and the modest, though charming lodge where future "Presidents of the Council of Ministers" will take their recreation and rest.

Simplicity, however, is somehow suitable to a French Premier. He is invariably a man of the people whose childhood has been spent in just the same sort of two-storey house with its fence, its privet hedge, its well, and its dog kennel. How many houses there are in France with just such yellow ochre walls, white shutters, and slate roofs! And yet the ghosts that haunt the locality bear glorious names.

On that very spot François I had built a pretentious château, a Royal Chequers that served for many a pleasant week-end. It was restored by Louis XIII, and capriciously torn down by that extravagant monarch, Louis XIV. But the spot was too delightful to be left bare, and it was Louis XV who constructed the Pavilion as it is to-day, and who made it one of his favourite hunting lodges.

It must be renovated and restored, and will not be ready for occupancy before next summer by which time there is no telling who will be French Premier. All that can be said with certainty is that whoever he is he will certainly take advantage of the opportunity to find rest and peace in this lovely, sylvan retreat from the enormous burdens which the premiership of France entails.

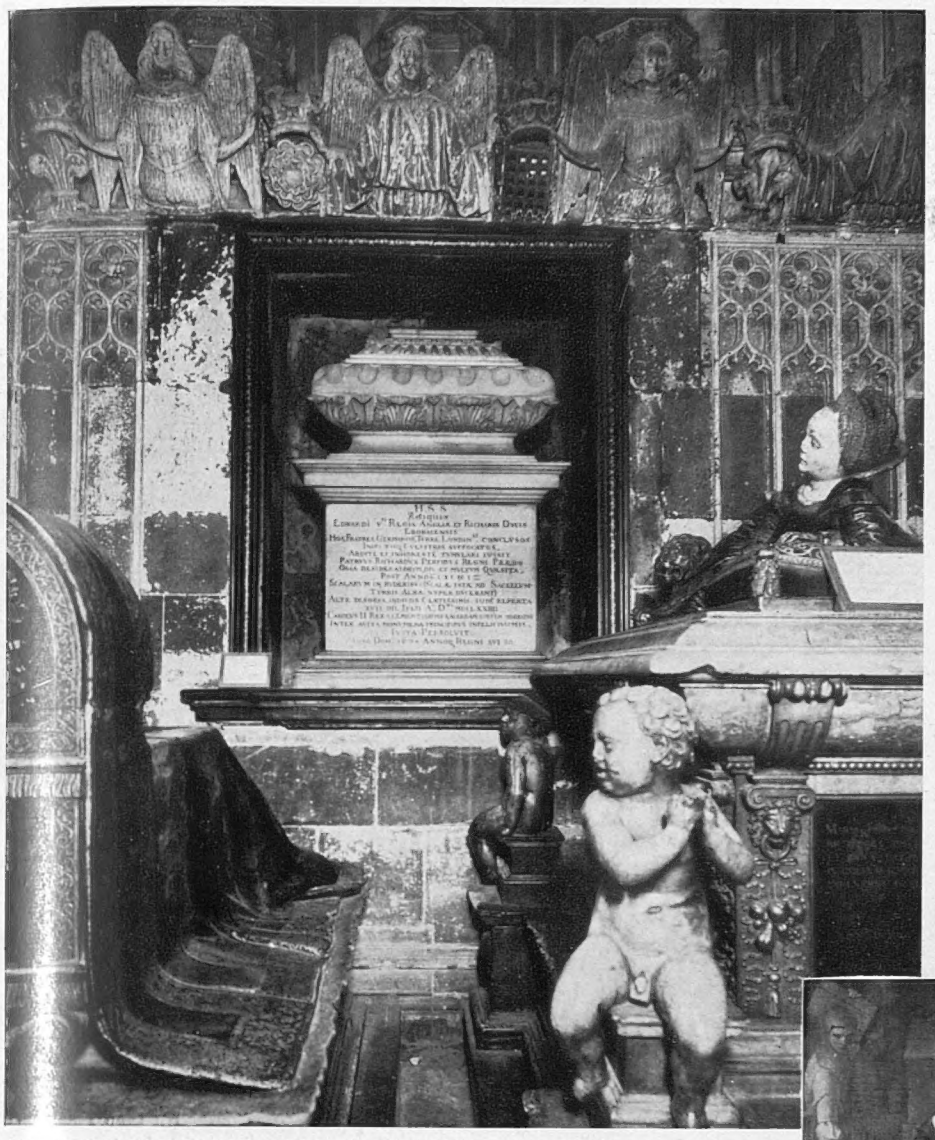
It is the first such residence which the State has provided for the Premier. The President of France has a summer home at Rambouillet as well as at the Elysée Palace in Paris, and the State also provides homes for the Presidents of the two Houses of Parliament. Some of the ministers are lodged in the premises of their ministries, and since the Premier nearly always holds one of the Cabinet posts he generally can count on having his Paris residence provided, but hitherto his holidays have been at his own expense.



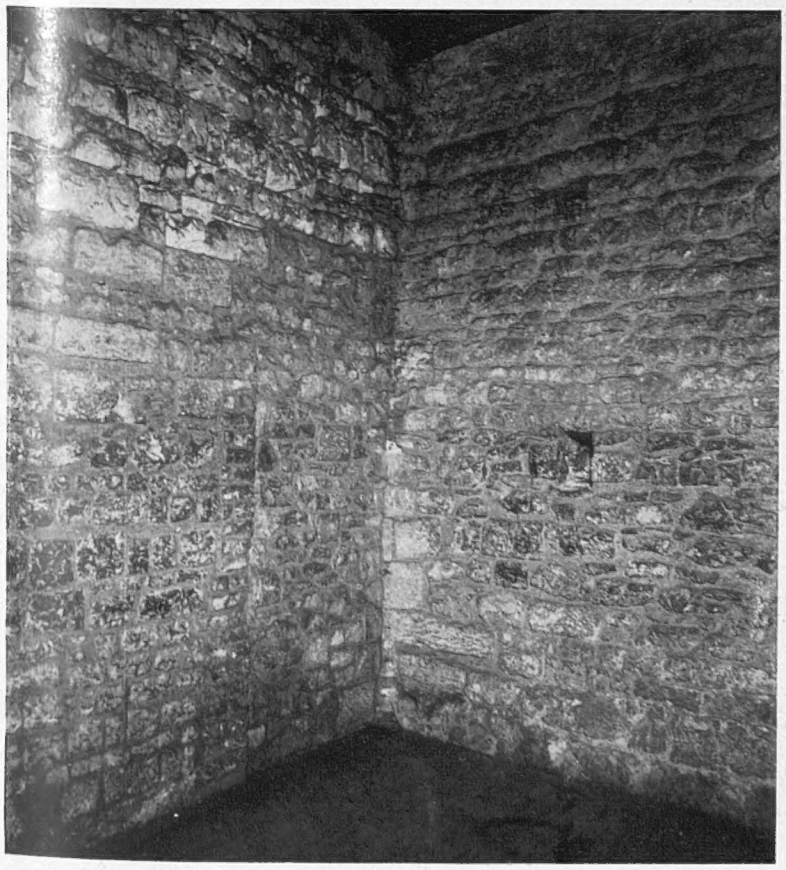
A FOREST RETREAT: Another view of the Pavilion de la Muette which stands on the site of a chateau built by François I. The present building was used as a hunting lodge by Louis XV

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

Whose Secret Exhumation has Led to an Historical Controversy



THE TOMB OF THE YOUNG PRINCES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: After recovery from the Tower of London during the reign of Charles II, the remains were placed in this tomb. It was here that they were recently exhumed, and the examination showed that the bones were those of brothers about 9½ and 12½ years of age. Stains on the cheekbones, which would be caused by congestion of blood, appear to bear out the widely accepted theory that the children were smothered, but by whom it is still impossible to determine



THE FATAL ROOM IN THE TOWER where the young Princes were murdered. This picture and the one above were taken specially for "The Sphere" a few days ago

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER: Sir John Millais' famous picture of the youthful Edward V and his brother Richard, Duke of York, the responsibility for whose murder is variously attributed to Richard III, Henry VII, and the Duke of Buckingham

GOING TO HIS DOOM: John Bell's painting of Cardinal Bourchier urging Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV, to release her son Richard, Duke of York, from sanctuary. It is believed that the boy and his brother, Edward V, were smothered soon afterwards, but Mr. Philip Lindsay, author of a new life of Richard III, claims that it was psychologically impossible for such a fine character as Richard to order such a deed to be done

THE ORIGINAL BURIAL PLACE: The bones of the young Princes were discovered at the bottom of the staircase inside this gateway in the Tower

A report presented to the Society of Antiquaries a few days ago revealed the surprising fact that the bones of the Princes in the Tower had a few months ago been removed from their tomb in Westminster Abbey. The exhumation, which was carried out secretly under the direction of the Dean of Westminster and the President of the Anatomical Society of Great Britain, once again reopens the question as to who was the real murderer of the Princes. According to the narrative of Sir Thomas More, the Constable of the Tower gave up his keys for one night at the command of Richard III, and in his absence the deed was accomplished. Horace Walpole has cast doubts on this theory, and Sir C. R. Markham has argued that Henry VII committed the crime. Mr. Philip Lindsay, author of a new life of Richard III, also attempts to prove this monarch's innocence and argues that Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen Dowager, would never have placed herself under Richard's protection, as she did, if she had thought for one moment that he was the murderer of her sons. This ingenious argument certainly keeps the controversy going, and, in spite of the evidence of smothering discovered at the recent exhumation, it is still quite impossible to ascribe the guilt definitely to any one of those suspected. The remains of the Princes have now been laid to rest again and a full record has been made of all that has been done. The latter part of the Burial Service was said before the urn was finally sealed.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

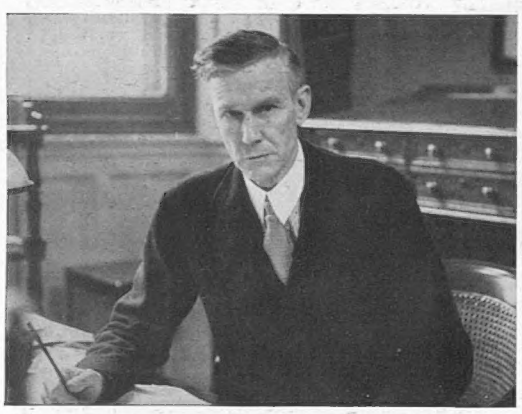
A WEDDING OF THE WEEK: The Hon. Nancy Freeman-Mitford and the Hon. Peter Rodd who were married this week at St. John's, Smith Square

A FLORAL VENTURE: Miss Cecil Mowbray and Miss Joan Forbes outside the florists' shop at No. 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, which they have opened under the name of Joan Cecil

"SCOTCH FANCY": Mlle Suzanne Lenglen, the former Wimbledon tennis champion, sampling a dish of prepared haggis on St. Andrew's Day

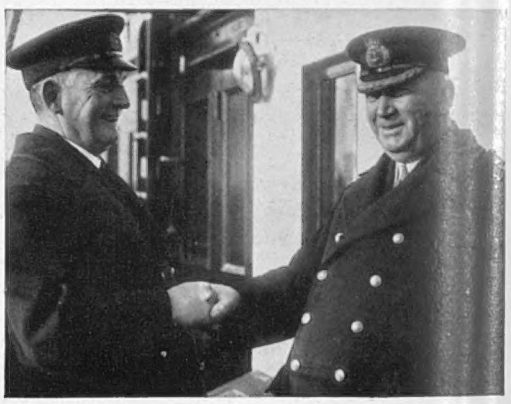
A NOTABLE ENGAGEMENT: Mr. John Alisdair Steel and Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Hon. Pathologist to the Home Office

SIR ROBERT AND LADY BIRD who are recovering at a London nursing home, the former from a motor accident and the latter from appendicitis



SIR JOHN MAFFEY, K.C.M.G., the former Governor-General of the Sudan, who was recently appointed Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies

BRIDESMAIDS OF THE FESTIVE SEASON: Miss Violet Drummond's attendants at her marriage to Mr. Peter Pardoe, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, carried bouquets of holly and mistletoe



CAPTAIN T. S. DARTNELL (right), of the cross-Channel steamer *Isle of Guernsey*, being congratulated by the chief officer on his retirement after forty-five years at sea

MISS NELIA MUSPRATT of the Foil Club of Fencing who is a prominent entrant for the Women's British Junior Championship to be held at Bertrand's Academy next week

MR. OLIVER MESSEL at work on a mask of Queen Elizabeth which he will show at his exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries

MISS ORIEL ROSS in the part of Hipparche which she played in *Acropolis*, R. E. Sherwood's picturesque and cleverly written play which was withdrawn last week after a run of a few days

PREPARING for the CHRISTMAS CIRCUS

A spectacular act which will be seen at the Bertram Mills Circus and in which fifty horses and ponies will perform at the same time

PUTTING THEM THROUGH THEIR PACES

TRAINING A CHARIOT PAIR

A charioteer training his horses in the woods near Ascot

SPIT AND POLISH

Burnishing the harness which will be used in the circus and training school this Christmas

Rehearsing a postilion act at the Ascot winter quarters of the circus

LINING THEM UP

SCAR HOUSE DAM

How Bradford Has Solved Its Present and Future Water Supply Problem

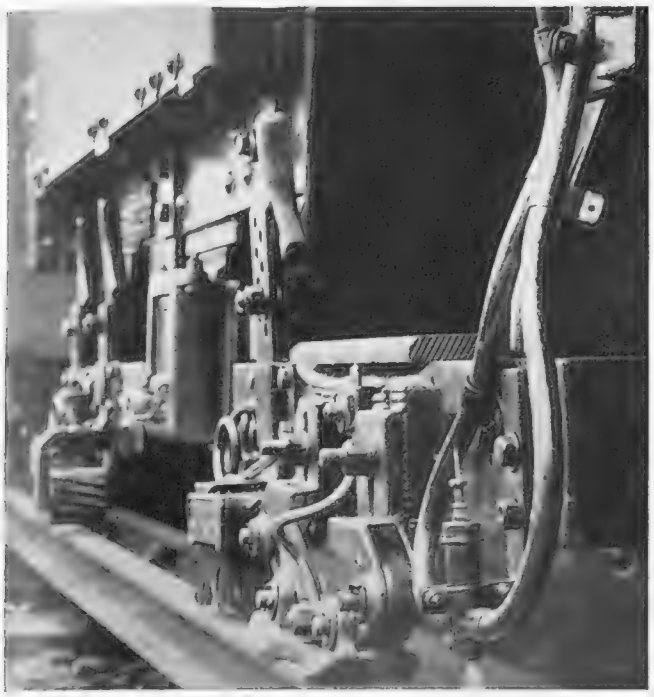
Right—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWERING WALL of the recently completed Scar House Dam. At the bottom and on the left are the castellated sluice control buildings

THE SLUICE CONTROL BUILDINGS: A close-up view of the towering masonry

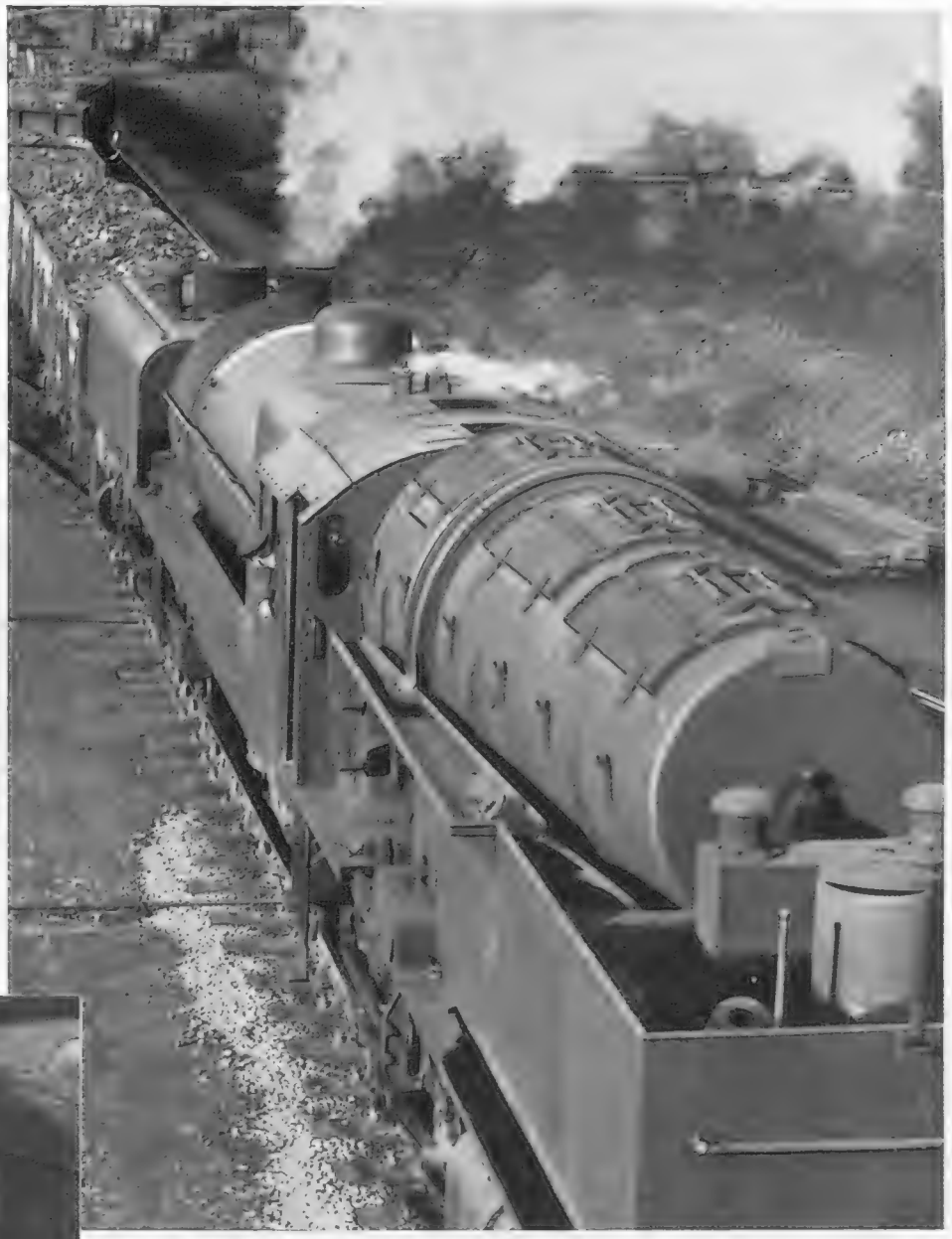
TURRETS AND BATTLEMENTS OF SCIENCE: Another view of the dam and the sluice control buildings. The approximate cost of construction was £3,000,000

In 1929 Bradford had to undertake extensive and costly pumping operations from the River Wharfe in order to keep up a constant supply of water in its service reservoirs for various industrial purposes. To-day, however, the city has one of the finest water supply services in the country, and throughout the recent long summer drought has experienced no hardship through shortage—in fact Bradford has been able to assist hard-hit towns in surrounding districts. This successful change of conditions has been completed through the construction of Scar House Dam and Reservoir, which has recently been opened in Upper Nidderdale. Undertaken by the Bradford Corporation at an approximate cost of £3,000,000, this mammoth dam and reservoir is considered one of the finest and most beautiful engineering works yet accomplished in this country and contains sufficient water for sixty days' supply. Behind this gigantic water supply scheme lies the romance of a man (at present chairman of the water committee) who, through dogged perseverance, has fought his way from obscurity to fame, whose keen vision assisted him from the mill in which he commenced work, and who to-day, at the age of sixty-five years, is still looking towards the future, having put Bradford years ahead of the times in the matter of water supplies

IN THE RAILWAY WORLD



SOLVING THE FROZEN LINE PROBLEM: Last year the "Underground" authorities tried out in the Acton district a new liquid which it was claimed would prevent the freezing of electric rails. It is being further experimented with this winter, and, whenever frost threatens, the special truck carrying the spraying apparatus will be sent out to do its work. A brush and ice cutter are also part of the equipment



FOR DEALING WITH HEAVY FREIGHTS: A "Garratt" locomotive, one of the most powerful types in the country, drawing a mineral train of ninety wagons from the Toton coal sidings in Nottinghamshire. The load is approximately 1,400 tons

PREPARING FOR THE DAY'S WORK AT KING'S CROSS LOCOMOTIVE DEPOT: This high-pressure spray is used for removing grease and dirt from the exterior of L.N.E.R. engines

A RAILWAY DIVERSION: Men clearing the track in preparation for the opening of the new Cheadle branch line, Staffordshire. This section has been built in order to avoid a half-mile tunnel which is no longer considered safe for use

A BIG ORDER FROM THE EAST: Electric trains, built at the Gloucester Wagon Works, being loaded on the S.S. *Balmoria* at Avonmouth Dock, near Bristol, at the start of their journey to India. The weight of each coach is 17 tons

LEADERS of JAPAN

Intimate Talks with the Statesmen of To-day

By R. V. C. BODLEY

VISCOUNT SAITO: Japan's veteran Prime Minister. He is seventy-five years old and one of the most vital personalities in the country to-day

ADMIRAL OSUMI: The Japanese Navy Minister. He speaks fluent English and it would be difficult to imagine him as anything but a sailor

GENERAL ARAKI, the Minister for War and one of the most pro-British of the Japanese statesmen of to-day. His son is being educated in England

MR. HIROTA: Minister for Foreign Affairs

MR. HATOYAMA: Minister for Education

Aristide Briand once said to me when I had suggested that the responsibilities of State must after a time become wearisome:

"Il n'y a aucune volupté qui puisse être comparée au pouvoir. . . ." And Briand was a voluptuary who knew the full value of the word "volupté," as he did of the sense of power.

Admiral Viscount Saito, Prime Minister of Japan, has probably many traits in his character not unlike those of the great French statesman and he does not give the impression of someone who would attach undue importance to power. The first time that I met the Prime Minister was at an official banquet when, making his after-dinner speech, he referred to the British and Japanese Empires as two small island peoples with much the same aspirations, and added a statement, which struck me as interesting, that he was the only Prime Minister who had held the rank of Admiral. He spoke convincingly in English, but with none of that gesticulation or emotional intonation of a Lloyd George or a Clemenceau.

My second encounter with Viscount Saito was at his Tokio residence, a building of peculiar architecture which exteriorly almost suggests an immense Indian bungalow and interiorly a palace of the Incas. From the imposing entrance a short flight of steps carpeted in royal blue bordered with scarlet led up to a beautiful screen, to the left of which I was shown into a comfortable sitting-room overlooking a large and lovely garden, having in its centre the nearest approach to an English lawn which I have ever seen outside my own country. What, however, interested me most about my visit to Viscount Saito was the complete absence of formality. To meet Briand at the Quai d'Orsay it was necessary to wait interminably in antechambers, and though I had known Clemenceau and Lloyd George from my childhood it required perseverance to pass the jealous vigilance of the private secretaries.

Moreover, since the murder of Viscount Saito's predecessors, the Prime Minister's residence in Tokio has been guarded day and night by squads of armed policemen, and I would not have been at all surprised to have found myself arrested at the gates of the grounds! But not only was I permitted to pass without question on the mere presentation of my card, but did not even see the shadow of a private secretary; and before I had finished my contemplation of the garden the Prime Minister was in the room.

Viscount Saito is strongly built but small of stature, and does not look his seventy-five years of age; the expression in his eyes is kind, the grip of his hand is convincing, and his clothes decidedly British; for instead of the usual morning coat habitually worn by Japanese officials, he had on a comfortable suit of grey tweeds.

Tea was brought, cigars were offered, and in a few moments we were chatting intimately, until I suddenly realized that it was I who was being skilfully questioned; and though I eventually turned the conversation into channels connected with Japan's interior and exterior policy, I left the Prime Minister's rooms with no query unanswered but no secrets revealed. I suppose that it is impossible for a man in a position of that kind to express an opinion, but in spite of this diplomatic reticence I was attracted by the Prime Minister's personality and felt convinced that as long as he remains at the head of the Government of Japan the rest of the world can be assured that Japan's policy will be one of temperance.

A complete contrast to Viscount Saito is the new Foreign Minister, Mr. Hirota, who though he had been in office barely a week (Viscount Uchida recently retired worn out with years of ceaseless work) talked to me for three-quarters of an hour with a charming frankness, formal "ice" having been quickly broken by the discovery of our mutual love of the country.

Mr. Hirota has a sparkling light in his eyes and a vivid sense of humour, laughs readily and possesses one of those active brains which "appreciates the situation" accurately. He understands English perfectly, but prefers to reply to questions through an interpreter.

After we had said all the evil we could about pavements and traffic congestion I began asking about Russia, on which subject the Foreign Minister is an expert, and China, with which he is also familiar. Though it would take too long to write all that Mr. Hirota said the substance of his words did not confirm the rather pessimistic views of my soldier friends in Changchun on the subject of the "Red Menace," and added that his impression was that Russia would be satisfied provided the development of the country within her frontiers progressed according to plan. On the matter of China I led up by airing my views on the chaotic conditions of that vast country and the good services which Japan could render by helping the Chinese to administrate their northern provinces. The Foreign Minister, while agreeing with me, said that such action would be impossible at present; for though he had many friends among influential Chinese who would appreciate Japan's counsel the vast majority of the population would look upon it as a prelude to aggression, and added, after a pause, that the rest of the world regarded these Asiatic questions from a wrong point of view, for it was not so much a matter of what China or Japan did individually but one of general policy in which everyone should lend a helping hand. If it is better for Asia that China should be the dominant factor, let the Chinese rule; but if Japan is indicated as being more likely to deal efficaciously with the situation, let all those interested aid her to achieve her aim. What is wanted for the curing of the world's troubles is commerce, which can only be brought about when disorder has disappeared and peace established.

We touched on other matters, the rupture of the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the possibility of eliminating future wars by a three-cornered agreement between Great Britain, the United States, and Japan; we talked of golden moon-rises over pine-clad islands, of the loveliness of lake and mountain scenery in autumn; of the Japanese character and its misjudgment abroad, in that the Japanese were at heart a friendly people who wanted to be liked, of the inability of Japan's statesmen to put their case under favourable light before the world. In fact our conversation drifted from topic to topic until I suddenly discovered that it was past lunch time.

As Mr. Hirota shook my hand at the entrance of his room he said: "The first four years of my career were spent at our Embassy in London, so that I somehow feel that my diplomatic training was carried out under British tutelage, and this I am sure enables me to see the points of view of our two countries perhaps more clearly than many Japanese."

General Sadao Araki is not a typical Japanese to look at. His face is pale, his eyes flicker like fireflies, his moustache is large and inclined to be shaggy, he talks quickly and readily, his laughter crackles like a machine gun. I should dislike to be "up against" General Araki, for he has one of those personalities from which are bred dictators. We talked about Russia and about China, and it was made exceedingly clear to me that those two countries would be dealt with according to their merits if they meddled with the affairs of Japan. I once more suggested the reorganization of North China under Japanese tutelage. General Araki twinkled and replied by a query: "Would England be with us?"

I parried: "Only Japan is capable of dealing successfully with the situation."

"We can do nothing if England is not with us," insisted the General.

"Rome did not want the help of an Eastern Power two thousand years ago," I answered; "what Rome did for Europe you can do for Asia."

The War Minister laughed as if agreeing and our conversation slipped easily on to other topics, but not being of the cad breed of journalist I shall not distort or insinuate for the sake of sensation. General Araki told me that his son was finishing his education in England, and I hope that he will meet the right type of Englishman who will convince him that this mutual bogey-building has nothing more substantial behind it than the elements of a bogey.

I took a great liking to General Araki, and if I were Japanese I should feel that my country was safe as long as the wiry little General has anything to do with its government.

The quarters of Admiral Osumi are the cosiest of any which I have visited. I sat in a comfortable armchair, supported by my two good friends, Captain Iwamura and Mr. Kumasaki, though their presence in the role of interpreters was not necessary, as the Minister of the Navy speaks fluent English. If one met Admiral Osumi wearing a bowler hat or in a kimono one could not imagine that he was anything but a sailor, in fact one could almost say that he was a British sailor. He has that determined, good-natured expression associated with officers of our Navy which no members of any other nation have succeeded in reproducing.

The Admiral had read my articles on the Japanese Mandated Islands, so we discussed Japan's new mission in the Pacific, and I told him about the Spaniard whom I met in Palao, who had served in an official capacity under Spanish and German rule, and volunteered the information that the progress made since the Japanese occupation of these territories was remarkable, and the development under the mandate beyond all expectation.

"And I suppose you had a good look at our fortified harbours and aerodromes?" enquired the Admiral merrily.

"Of course," I replied in the same tones, "though I am sorry to say that I found the harbours insufficiently deep for ships of any tonnage, while the aerodromes were on the sides of precipices and covered with palm trees. Japanese naval and air officers must be more skilful than their colleagues of the West if they can anchor and land in places which do not exist."

The Admiral chuckled and then asked in more serious tones: "Well, how are we to convince the world that we are abiding by the clauses of the treaties which we have signed?"

"Tell the N.Y.K. to make more publicity about their South Sea Island trips," I replied without hesitation. "The islands are lovely, the ships are good, and the fares are cheap. Encourage foreigners to visit these archipelagoes. The N.Y.K. will make money and the fortification scare will disappear." The Admiral being a busy man, there was no time to develop this discussion, but I found myself once more surprised at this lack of foresight on the part of the Japanese in matters connected with Western reactions, which could be so easily eliminated by the employment of the right type of adviser.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM IN INDIA

LEARNING TO COPE WITH CALCUTTA'S TRAFFIC: India has of late years been a big purchaser of motor cars, and this has naturally tended to increase the congestion in the cities. In order to deal with the situation, the native policemen have to undergo a thorough training in point duty work

By courtesy of "The Times of India"

CHAOS IN CALCUTTA: An artist's humorous impression of the crowded scene on Howra Bridge, Calcutta, during a holiday exodus to the hills and seaside resorts. In the rush hours the traffic problem is quite as serious as in London and New York

BIG BOBBIES: Mohammed Nain Khan and Chandrika Singh—two of Calcutta's tallest policemen. Their colleague in the centre is of the average height prevailing in the force

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD: A detachment of lancers preceding the regimental band and the old guard as they march away from the Viceroy's Palace at New Delhi

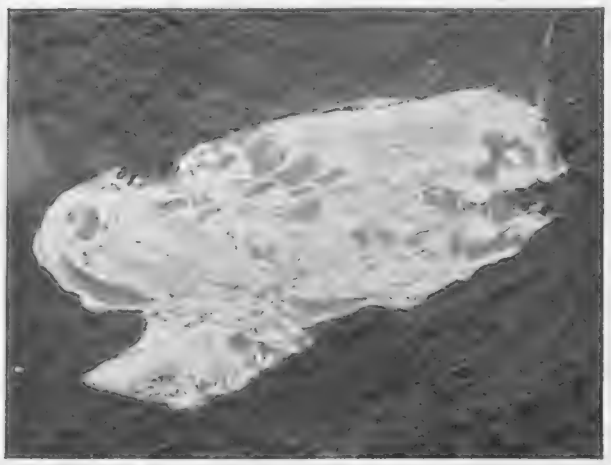
INTO THE STRATO

The Latest Attempt to Wrest the

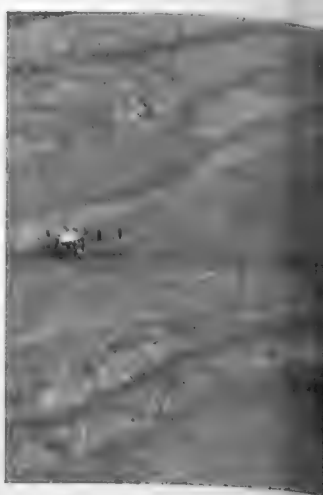
A PIONEER STRATOSPHERIST: Professor Piccard of Belgium standing in front of the spherical car which has been adopted by those who have actually followed him. This attempt was in 1931

AN EARLY ATTEMPT THIS YEAR: In April Lieut.-Commander Settle, U.S.A., made an attempt to reach the stratosphere from Chicago, but the balloon did not rise properly and the gondola was partly wrecked in a goods yard

AFTER THE LANDING ON NOVEMBER 21: The two stratospherists were in jovial mood when they were rescued after a night in the marshes near Bridgeton, New Jersey



THE DEFLATED GAS-BAG: The huge envelope is here seen lying on the marsh near Bridgeton when an aviator flew over the spot where the two adventurous balloonists landed



HOW THE GONDOLA AND BALLOON on the left with the connecting

A CLOSER VIEW OF THE GONDOLA lower than the Russian record, in eloquent

THE AMERICAN NAVAL COMMANDER is seen inside the actual metal gondola in which he and his companion, Major Fordney, made the successful ascent of 61,237 ft Commander Settle states that there was some oscillation of the gondola when in the stratosphere

ELEVEN-AND-THREE-QUARTER

In a few months a young man will ascend in a balloon from England on one of the most daring scientific adventures in history. Mr. Mark Edward Ridge, an American of twenty-eight, is preparing with the help of English scientists to break all existing height records.

He will attempt to soar 120,000 ft. above the earth—25 miles. That is more than four times higher than Everest, and double the altitude reached lately by the American stratosphere balloonists, Lieut.-Commander T. W. G. Settle and Major Chester L. Fordney.

The Americans, who ended gloriously if uncomfortably in a bog, reached 61,237 ft., only 1,000 ft. lower than the record of the Russian aeronauts Prokoviev, Gorbinov and Birnbaum, in September. Professor Piccard, the Belgian, the first of present-day scientists to tempt fate in the stratosphere, who ascended from Augsburg in Germany in 1931, and after 18 hours came down on a glacier in the wild region of the Italian Tirol, reached 52,000 ft., just over 10 miles.

Mark Ridge is not alone in his preparations further to probe the secrets of the winds and the cosmic rays in the region beyond the atmosphere, although his methods, as we shall see, are unique. All over the world aeronauts and scientists are making their plans to snatch the record from the Russians. Zisky and Braun in Hungary, Hyneck and Burzynski in Poland, and other experienced aeronauts in Germany, France, Spain, and Scandinavia are experimenting night and day to perfect the means of ascent into the stratosphere by balloon and aeroplane. The Russians have almost completed the construction of a second balloon, the *Osoaviakhim*, a robot affair, which, though it will have a crew of three, will automatically commence its descent when it reaches its maximum height of 13½ miles.

Britain, although it has no recent records to its achievement in stratospherics, is really farther ahead than any other nation. We had bad luck in the death of Mr. Eustace Short eighteen months ago. Mr. Short, famous as balloonist and aeroplane builder, had been experimenting with his brother Oswald for the building of a giant balloon with an hermetically sealed aluminium chamber, which it was hoped would reach 17½ miles above the earth's surface.

But the Meterological Office has been working steadily with unmanned

SPHERE—and then . . .?

Secrets of the Upper Atmosphere

CAME TO EARTH: This picture was obtained on the morning of November 21 and shows the gondola cables stretching away to the deflated balloon on the right. The descent was a fairly rapid one and various items of equipment had to be flung overboard

CENTURY OF PROGRESS" AMID THE BRIDGETON SWAMPS: After ascending to a height only 1,000 ft. he two Americans succeeded in landing safely on conveniently soft ground. The background of the view shows shion the watery character of the Bridgeton marshes

JUST BEFORE THE ASCENT FROM AKRON, OHIO: The huge balloon appears here to be in a semi-inflated condition. On reaching a height of several thousand feet it was observed to swell, owing to the rarification of the atmosphere

MILES HIGH IN A CLOSED GONDOLA

pilot balloons containing some remarkable instruments which provide valuable data. Over 15,000 of these balloons were sent up last year, and we did not hear much about it!

The project of Mark Ridge differs fundamentally from those of the scientists in other countries. More "stratofearless" than any, he intends to make his amazing attempt to reach 25 miles in an open basket. All the others are working on the lines of Professor Piccard's hermetically-sealed chamber maintained at constant atmospheric pressure.

He has the assistance of Professor J. S. Haldane of Oxford, and Sir Robert Davis, of Siebe, Gorman & Co., Ltd., the famous submarine inventor, who has invented a diving suit which has greater merits than a sealed cabin and at the same time leaves the balloonist free to move about and make his scientific observations. His instruments will be in direct contact with the constituents of the stratosphere.

And naturally a comparatively small balloon will take him higher than a giant envelope weighted with a metal chamber. By using the open basket, Ridge is recalling one of the earliest and most daring efforts to wrest its secrets from the upper air. The event is now almost forgotten. In 1862, two Englishmen, Glaisher and Coxwell made a balloon ascent from Wolverhampton.

The existence of the stratosphere, as distinct from the atmosphere, was not then suspected. (It was discovered in 1899 by Teisserenc de Bort, a Frenchman.) They reached the amazing height of 36,000 ft., approximately seven miles. Glaisher became unconscious with the cold and the lack of oxygen before the balloon touched its highest elevation. Coxwell kept on till his limbs were paralysed. With a last effort he managed to grip the valve rope with his teeth and let the gas escape. Had his strength failed they might never have been heard of again. What will Ridge encounter if he ascends twenty or twenty-five miles? There is already a fair amount of data in the possession of the scientists, collected from the self-registering thermometers and barometers in the manless balloons, some of which have reached as high as twenty miles.

He may be caught in a raging gale of 200 miles an hour, for many of the unmanned balloons have never been recovered. In that event the young American may be carried thousands of miles, though the meterologists, with luck, can warn him of the danger.

It is possible that he will have to face a scorching super-equatorial heat. The stratosphere, it should be explained, is that plane in the upper air where the lowering of the temperature with increasing altitude gives place generally to a higher temperature. The data collected are not entirely reliable. Conditions in the stratosphere vary at equal heights and do not appear to be governed by the temperature of the lower atmosphere. But it may reasonably be expected that the heat he encounters will not be beyond human endurance.

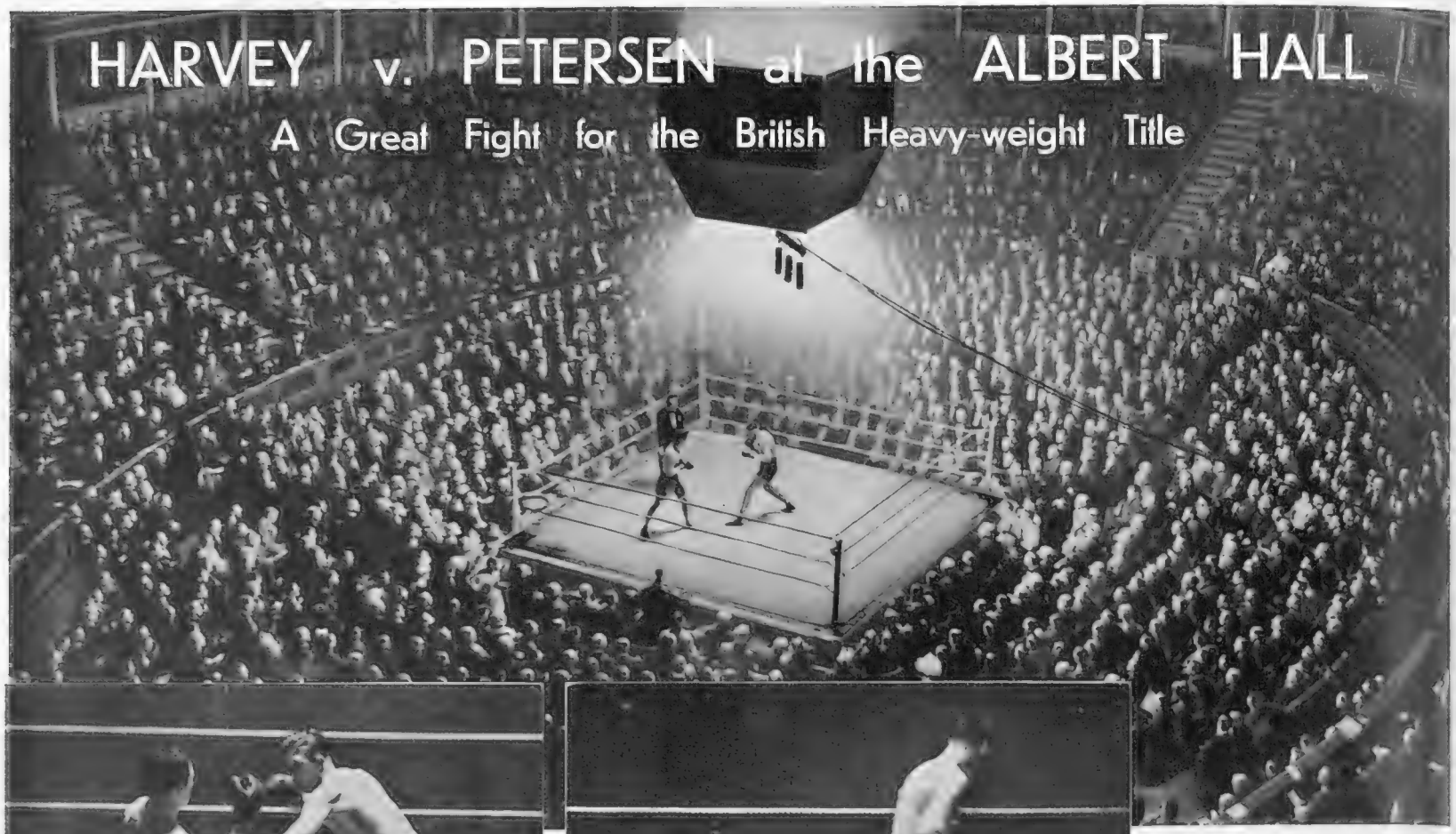
At all events Mark Ridge seems likely to bring us much nearer the day when the secrets of the stratosphere will be revealed and a new realm of speed in the air may be opened, when the machine capable of flight in the stratosphere comes into being.

And that means round the world in twenty-four hours!

THE INSTRUMENTS INSIDE THE AMERICAN GONDOLA: On the left is the cosmic ray instrument; on the right is the radio equipment; lower down is seen the lead ballast

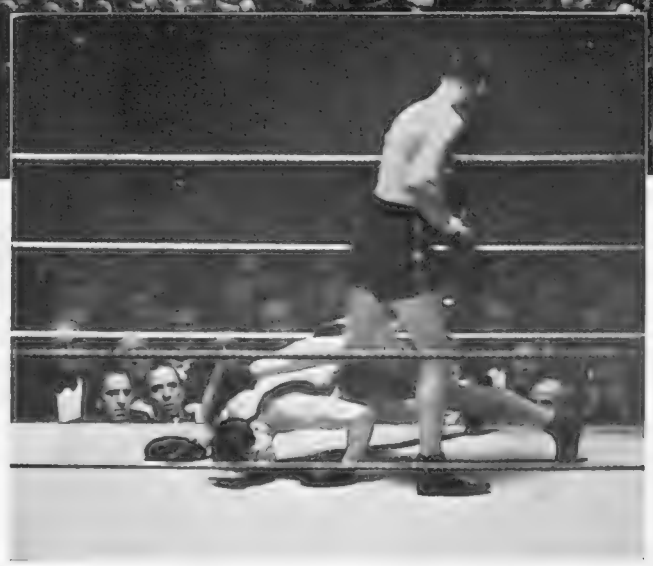
HARVEY v. PETERSEN at the ALBERT HALL

A Great Fight for the British Heavy-weight Title

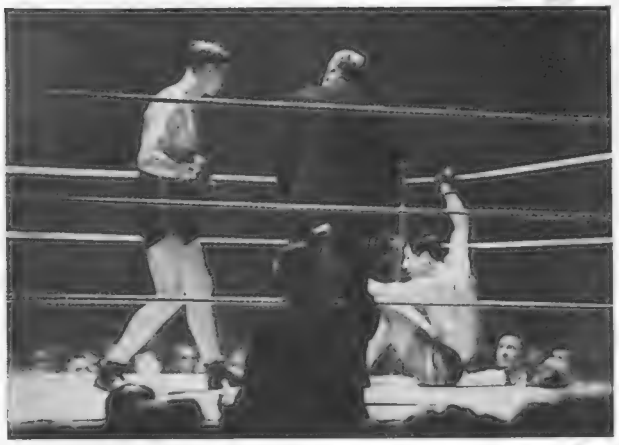


THE SCENE IN THE ALBERT HALL: Harvey and Petersen in action

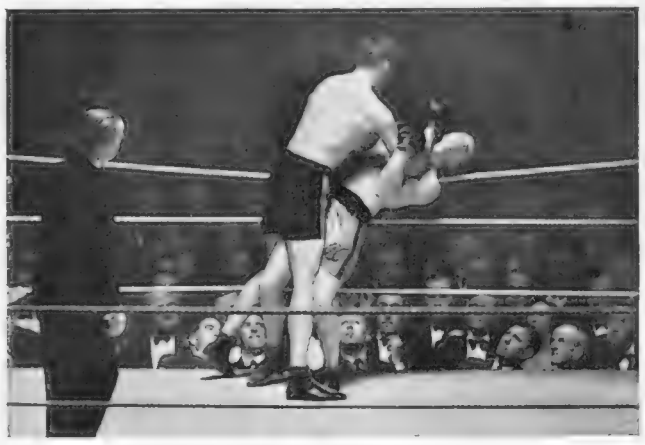
TOE TO TOE: Petersen leads with his left, but the wily Harvey skilfully avoids the blow



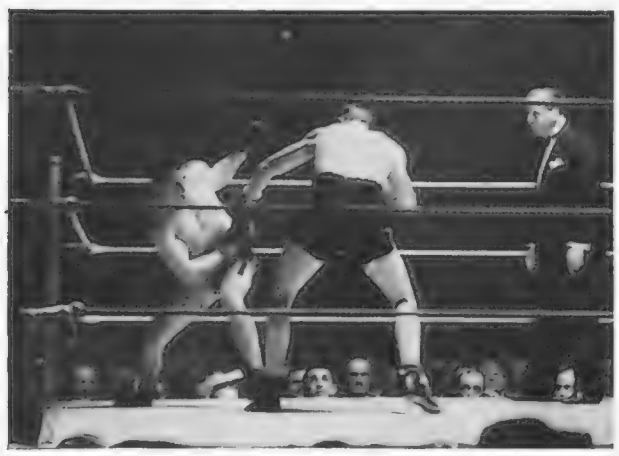
HARVEY SLIPS: A dramatic moment in the third round. The challenger went down for two short counts



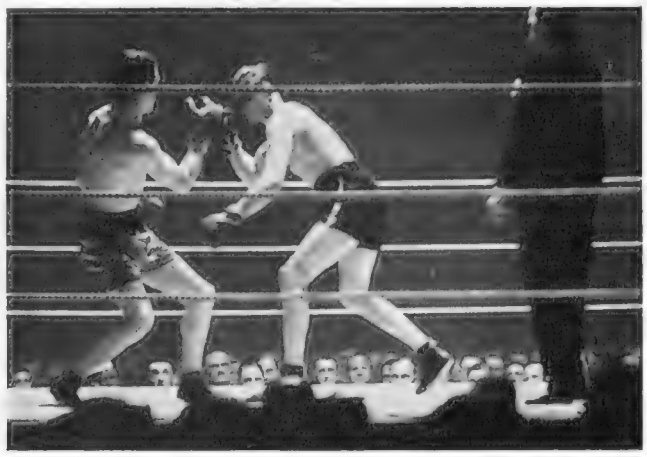
PETERSEN ON THE OFFENSIVE: Harvey pulling himself up after slipping and remaining down for a short count. The Welshman had the best of the early rounds



HARVEY IN TROUBLE: Petersen raining blows on his opponent after trapping him in a corner of the ring. Harvey wisely gave him no room to deliver a telling punch



NOT QUITE THERE: Petersen delivers another attack, but Harvey again is well out of range. The Welshman showed that he had not got over his old fault of over-impetuosity



WAITING THEIR CHANCE: A striking picture of Harvey (left) and Petersen (right) sparring for an opening at the beginning of a round

It was thought after the disastrous Petersen–Doyle fight at the White City that British boxing had received a set-back from which it would be long in recovering. Last week's fight between the heavy-weight champion and Len Harvey, however, gave the crowd that packed the Albert Hall an evening's entertainment that will long be remembered and which provided a real answer to the doubts of pessimistic critics of the sport. From start to finish the contest was one long thrill, and it was not until the last round or two that the crowd of 7,000 and the millions of wireless listeners realized that the verdict was to go in favour of the more experienced Harvey. Petersen had never lost a fight since he became a professional, and consequently shaped to his task with the confidence born of his past successes. The challenger, however, was the more wily of the two, and bided his time, while Petersen expended his energy in delivering blows which Harvey's knowledge of ringcraft often enabled him to avoid.

After the fury of the Welshman's early attacks had begun to die down, Harvey coolly took command of the situation, and, as he did so, Petersen strove even more wildly for a knock-out with his right. In the eighth round misfortune overtook Petersen when Harvey opened a cut above his left eye. The champion still fought on, but by this time his speed had gone as a result of a series of stinging body punches. In the twelfth round Harvey was fresher than ever, and during the next few minutes he crowded on full sail, and saw to it that his opponent had no chance of pinning him into a corner where he could drive home one devastating final punch. The last round was the most exciting of all, and Petersen came out of his corner showing, in spite of his loss of speed, that physically he was as strong as at the beginning of the fight. Harvey, however, again outboxed him, and the end came with sympathetic cheers for a great loser, and yet more for a winner whose skill and brains had won him yet another well-deserved title. As long as two such men grace the ring there need be no fears for the future of British boxing.

THE TRACKS OF A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL found in the hard carbonaceous shale about 30 in. above a coal seam in a mine at Carbon Hill, Alabama, U.S.A

FOSSIL FOOTPRINTS

These fossil footprints from the Galloway Coal Company's mine at Carbon Hill, Alabama, have just been unearthed, and are believed to ante-date such reptiles as the dinosaur by many centuries. Tracks of several different species of animals have been found, and some of these must certainly have been of colossal weight. At the present moment geologists of the State of Alabama are attempting to classify the discoveries, while the Memphis Museum, Tennessee, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Smithsonian Institute are also assisting in the work

FOOTPRINTS OF THE DIM PAST: Alabama geologists, who are investigating these finds, claim that the tracks are the oldest yet discovered. The slabs of carbonaceous shale, some of them weighing many tons, have been carefully removed and distributed among various museums for purposes of investigation

THE CINCOSAURUS COBBI: The scientific name which has been given to these newly-discovered footprints. The other finds have yet to be classified

FREEING PREHISTORIC BONES FROM THE LIMESTONE ROCK: A geologist at work in the basement of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the fossilized skeletons of twelve human beings, discovered in the Mount Carmel range, are being chiselled from the solid rock in which they were found embedded

MEASURING THE SKULL OF THE PALESTINE MAN: Another phase of the work now proceeding in Lincoln's Inn Fields

FOSSILIZED SKELETONS FROM MOUNT CARMEL

Mount Carmel, famous in biblical history for the Prophet Elijah's sacrifice, comes into prominence as the scene of the discovery of twelve fossilized skeletons of human beings who must have lived at least 30,000 years ago. They were found in front of ancient caves on a rocky platform where, in the middle of the Stone Age, these people of a hitherto undiscovered race must have built their fires and made their homes. The expedition which unearthed them was organized jointly by the British Society of Archæology in Jerusalem and the American School of Prehistoric Research

GAZING AT THE WONDER TREE OF BUDAPEST, the bark of which is reputed to bear a striking likeness of the Christ. Crowds from all parts of Eastern Europe are visiting the little suburb where it is growing

THE OBJECT OF PILGRIMAGE: Two views of the sacred tree. That on the left shows how the bark has grown into furrows and created a human likeness. The tree has been fenced round in order to save it from damage by souvenir hunters

AN HUNGARIAN PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE

A devout peasant woman gazing on the wonder tree of Budapest. Her expression typifies that of thousands of others who find in such objects an inspiration which strengthens them in their faith

A NEW SAINT at LOURDES

A Visit to the Famous Shrine which Comes into Prominence this Week with the Canonization of Bernadette Soubirous, the Shepherd Girl

A hospital train, white painted and impressive with the Red Cross and the arms of Italy, was our first surprise when we reached the little town. From it a stream of invalid chairs and stretchers were taking hopeful pilgrims, accompanied by their anxious relatives, to the hospices and hostels round about the Basilica. Sad, indeed, to see so many useless limbs, so many hopelessly gnarled hands; but sadder still the poor travesties of humanity who had never stood upon their feet, nor ever had housed normal human faculties. Hopeless at sight. And yet here they were—forlorn hopes they seemed indeed.

Through the main streets of the little town we walked, as we had done in many Pyrenean towns those lovely summer days. All the shops were the same, save a very occasional one devoted to the normal needs of man. Everywhere gaudily-coloured figures of the Virgin and Child, candles to be offered at her shrines and altars, postcards of the Grotto and the Basilica to be sent to home folk far away in many countries. There were shops—"A la Croix de Jérusalem," one was named—where every language of Europe seemed to be spoken by the vendors of images, candles, and pictures; one even bore the legend, "Irish Assistant—Miss O'Brien." And everywhere you could have bottled holy water from the Grotto packed and posted to your friends: "Lourdes Water Sent Without Profit," one shopkeeper had written above his window.

A tramcar was held up. A group of earnest young men and white-veiled maidens, wearing blue ribbons and Catholic medals, passed with their banner. They had come from Belgium. As they approached the goal of their pilgrimage they sang, led by their curé, walking backwards and beating time with a large and loosely rolled umbrella. Scores of such devoted bands formed the great procession at night.

We followed on, past a row of old, black-clad women seated on camp stools with bunches of blue and white candles for sale. Across a great open space, the Esplanade, we went, and up one of the paired road-ramps to the Basilica. There two large notice boards seemed to strike a somewhat jarring note. One warned the pilgrim as to his or her own conduct:

> "Attention!
> Dans le Domaine de la Grotte,
> Pas de Tenue Inconvenante,
> Pas de Bras Nus,
> Pas de Décolletage!"

The other warned of the possible misconduct of others: "Veillez sur vos Portes-Monnaie et vos Sacs-à-main."

Within the great Basilica, built in 1876 in honour of the appearances of the Virgin Mary to the shepherd girl, Bernadette Soubirous, where she sat in the grotto beside the Gave watching her sheep, hundreds of pilgrims passed to and fro to altars and confessional boxes. In the Chapel of the Rosary below the terrace of the Basilica hundreds more pressed in and out. It is said that some 600,000 pilgrims visit Lourdes each year; ten special trains arrived on the day of our visit in addition to the ordinary service.

THE STATUE TO BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS in the convent of St. Gildard at Nevers

But the real pilgrimage is to the Grotto, place of cures and, it must be, many heart-breaking disappointments. There on the face of the rock, above and on either side, hang many crutches and sticks, and strange strait-jackets that surely must date from days long before modern medicine. Hundreds of pilgrims stood reverently bare-headed in the hot midday sun, while stretchers and bath-chairs were formed up ready to pass in through the iron gates in turn for their occupants to sprinkle themselves or be sprinkled with the healing water of the spring. From a lofty pulpit beside the entrance, a priest spoke of the loving kindness of Our Lady of Lourdes and the goodness and simplicity of Bernadette.

A SERVICE IN THE MIRACULOUS GROTTO: In the background are the crutches left behind by cured pilgrims

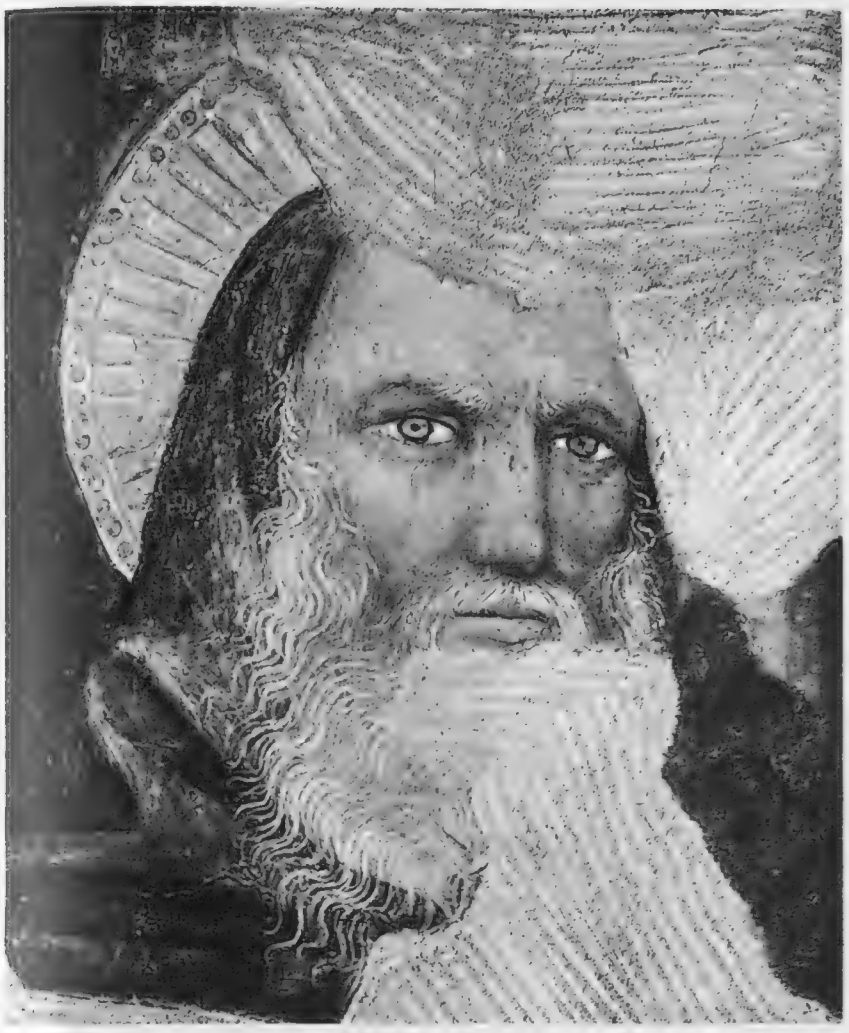
It is reputed that the Virgin Mary appeared to the little shepherd maiden on several occasions in the year 1858. Simple and holy was the life of the maiden, and now she is to be formally included among the saints of this earth, for she is to be canonized by His Holiness the Pope this week. Thus will Lourdes accede to still greater fame.

Dorothy Mackay

BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS, the shepherd girl to whom the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared in 1858

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED CARMINE FRESCOES

The Only Extant Works of Lippo and Starnina



FRAGMENT OF A FRESCO BY STARNINA recently uncovered accidentally in a concealed wall in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence. The colours are fresh and clear in spite of the vicissitudes which the piece has undergone

SECTIONS OF A LIPPO FRESCO: Two remarkably realistic fragments from the Church of Santa Maria. That on the left depicts the flagellation of the Christ

A MASTER OF DETAIL: A portion of Lippo's magnificent fresco of the Crucifixion. The artist's intense realism and dramatic vigour of composition did much to inspire the great Renaissance movement brought to perfection by Raphael, Da Vinci, and Michelangelo

THE SAINT: A portion of a work by Lippo uncovered at the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine. The ruthless architectural alterations to the church in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the cause of its concealment and partial destruction

Perhaps the most important find of recent years in the realm of medieval art has been that of the Lippo and Starnina frescoes in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine at Florence. The work of recovery is now almost complete, and Dr. Ugo Procacci is busy writing a full account of the discovery, which, when published, will throw a new light upon the history of early Renaissance art in Italy.

The uncovering of these important frescoes was, in a sense, accidental. Dr. Campani was really searching for a famous fresco by Masaccio. During his investigations, however, he found a more or less complete fresco by Lippo, and fragments of frescoes by Starnina, which had been preserved upon concealed walls the existence of which was previously unknown.

LIPPO'S FRESCO OF THE CRUCIFIXION: This is the best preserved of all the recently discovered works

I was privileged to see these frescoes which, in the ordinary way, are not yet available to the public. For one thing, they are extremely difficult to get at, and can be seen only by the aid of powerful torches. They have now been cleared of all the rubbish and dust which had adhered to them, and, especially in the case of Lippo's "Crucifixion," are wonderfully well preserved in view of their vicissitudes. The colours are fresh and clear; and if the Starnina fragments are only enough to make us regret the more bitterly the loss of his altar-piece representing St. Jerome dictating his death-bed wishes, Lippo's "Crucifixion," with the upper part almost completely intact, is more than enough to confirm Vasari's estimate of the artist as a man of genius and of "rare and varied invention." These, his only works extant, are of the utmost interest to historians of the transition period between the Giottesque school and the early Renaissance, and will, besides, be treasured by students and lovers of art pure and simple.

R. E.

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THE GREAT PARIS

When the Statesmen and Diplomats of Europe

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: George Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, who attended the Paris Peace Congress as one of the British delegates. He had a wide knowledge of European affairs, had been Minister in Madrid, President of the Board of Trade, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He became Foreign Secretary in February, 1853

SOLDIER AND STATESMAN: Freiherr von Manteuffel, whose somewhat morose manner was not calculated to make him a popular social figure at the Congress. In 1879 he became Viceroy of Alsace-Lorraine.

COUNT BENEDETTI: One of the F gates who later became Amb Berlin. His interview with Kin led to the famous "Ems tele the start of the Franco-Prus

THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR: Mehmed Djemil Bey who was conspicuous as one of the few Orientals amongst the assembly of Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors of the Great Powers of Europe

THE YOUTHFUL PRESIDENT OF THE CONFERENCE: Count Alexander Walewski, the French Foreign Minister. He was the son of Napoleon Bonaparte and a Polish Countess

THE GRAVE AND TENACIOUS The Russian Foreign Minister who provided a striking cont colleague, the gay and sociabl

The Paris Peace Congress of 1856 brought together the greatest diplomats and statesmen in Europe, who with the pomp and circumstance that belonged to those more dignified days, set out to settle the affairs of Europe after the havoc of the Crimean War. In March of that year a treaty was signed by which Russia lost all she had gained, or had attempted to gain, and Europe for a spell was once again at peace. The accompanying article and pictures bring to life this great occasion, which to-day is of special interest in that the question of European amity is once again in the forefront of political discussion.

The Peace Congress is coming! What a fascinating event, and what enthusiasm prevailed in all the salons of Paris at the notion in the month of February, 1856. In those days congresses and conferences were not permanent institutions as to-day, and the memories of the splendours of the Congress of Vienna had by no means faded away.

Which of the foreign diplom be present had been made kno the negotiations of the prelimina Congress. All the same, the Pari intensely excited about their p eagerly awaited the report of th tion. And the reporters did the details of how Count Cavour, th drove up in a modest brough servant in attendance, whilst the arrived in a grand coach.

In those days of secret diplo out of the actual negotiations to even then people hoped would world, or "at least" perpetu Nevertheless, rumours were eage the following day they would handsome Baron Hübner was re reserved and was not too popul said to be touchy on etiquette, difference on precedence between don. Benedetti, the protocolis the Ems affair—insisted on havi ominous number 13 scared the dip

CONGRESS OF 1856

ope Met to Secure Peace After the Crimean War

the French dele-
Ambassador in
h King William I
telegram" and
-Prussian War

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS: Earl Cowley, whose unostentatious manner concealed a remarkable *flair* for diplomacy. Before his appointment in Paris, he represented Britain in Vienna and Constantinople. His tact in dealing with the Emperor Napoleon III did much to ensure the harmonious relations of Britain and France

A POPULAR PERSONALITY AT THE CONGRESS: Prince Orloff, who achieved distinction as head of the Russian police and stood in high favour with the Emperor Nicholas. At the time of the Congress he was seventy years old and looked like fifty, and coquetted skilfully in bad French. Although elegant in his dress he refused, contrary to the prevailing fashion, to sacrifice his moustache

OUS DIPLOMAT:
inister, Brunnow,
contrast to his
sociable Orloff

THE BRAIN BEHIND THE CONGRESS: Count Camillo Cavour. It was his influence and that of Count Walewski that led to a probably ill-advised widening of the scope of the Congress and to a discussion of the question of Italian unity

diplomats would
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heir guests and
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our, the Envoy from Sardinia,
ougham with only one man-
st the Austrian Baron Hübner

et diplomacy not much leaked
tions of the Congress, which
would bring salvation to the
erpetual peace for Europe.
re eagerly listened to even if
would be contradicted. The
was reported to be especially
popular. Lord Cowley was
uette, and there had been a
etween him and Lord Claren-
ocolis—later known through
n having an extra table as the
the diplomats. Count Walew-

ski, the elegant President of the Assembly, late Captain of Hussars, and surrounded by the nimbus of being an illegitimate son of Napoleon, had to wire news to the Emperor on the progress of proceedings every quarter of an hour, on a line laid down expressly for this purpose. Although Napoleon had personally designated Count Cavour as the most distinguished member of the Congress, in Society the Russian, Count Orloff, was decidedly the centre of interest. He was seventy years old and looked like fifty. He put on a martial air and coquetted skilfully with his bad French. To-day he presented the Emperor with four horses as a gift from the Czar. Yesterday he had been seen conversing with the Emperor at the opera, and to-morrow he would hold a reception. The height of popularity: at the races at Longchamps waistcoats were exhibited "Gilets historiques à l'Orloff." But they were not a success, the Parisians were suspicious of eccentricities in gentlemen's clothes.

(Continued on p. 420)

THE AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS: Count Joseph Hübner, one of the most distinguished figures at the Congress. After ten years in Paris he was appointed to the Embassy at Rome from which he retired in 1867

THE HERRING FISHERS FIGHT FOR A LIVELIHOOD

FIGHTING HER WAY HOME: A fishing trawler making the best of heavy weather outside Yarmouth Harbour. The gales were particularly severe this year

SMILING THROUGH: Herring girls enjoy a friendly cigarette while waiting to deal with the catch. The amount of work available for them depends both on the success of the fishing fleet and on the volume of orders for the herring. Their luck was not too good this season

SMOKE AND SPRAY: Another picture which illustrates the difficult conditions in which the herring fleet often have to operate

PLYMOUTH FISHERMEN repainting their floats in readiness for the arrival of the herring shoals in the Channel

Is the herring fishing industry on its last legs and doomed to failure? This question inevitably presents itself to the minds of members of the thinking public at the conclusion of every East Anglian autumn herring fishing season, and invariably many people are obsessed by the idea that the industry is as good as dead. It cannot be denied that it is passing through very difficult times, practically without parallel, yet many of the remarks which appear in apparently authoritative articles are both inaccurate and in many respects injudicious. The industry has never failed, and it cannot fail. Where, then, is its saviour? There can be but one answer to that question—the industry must work out its own salvation.

This industry is, unlike most, one huge gamble from start to finish. There must be a winner and there must be a loser. Undoubtedly its present condition can be attributed in no small measure to the disturbed state of the European Continent, but during the past few years the industry has received many hard knocks. The trade with the Baltic has practically disappeared, Estonia and the Scandinavian countries are taking less herrings, and the Russian market appears irretrievably lost.

The closure of the season came somewhat as a surprise at a time when there was a glut of fish, thus lending considerable justification to the thought that the industry is not beaten, but beating itself. The more important curers purchased thousands of crans during the glut, and being satisfied called meetings for negotiations for the closure of the season. They had had their gamble and in some cases it had come off. They had had their fill, and they called off. Thus the smaller men who wished to carry on found that they could not secure their supply without paying prices that were not remunerative to them. Yet the "big men" were not to blame in every sense, for their hands were rather forced by the exporters, who told them quite frankly that they had cured sufficient barrels of herring to satisfy the demand.

The shuttlecock of the industry is the fisherman. He has to weather the storms and catch the fish, risking whether he will get £200 or £1 for a night's fishing. He may even return with no fish and the loss of all his gear, yet he has to regulate his fishing to satisfy the curer.

The week prior to the closure of the season was the fisherman's week. Prices were remunerative and fish were plentiful. Two hundred cran shots (i.e. 2,000,000 herrings) were common. And then suddenly operations had to come to a finish.

Bad seasons have happened before and all connected with the industry have come up smiling. Even in the good seasons there have been the winners and the losers and there will be again, but the industry will carry on with its varied luck which ruins some and makes others.

AN EXPENSIVE ITEM: Big catches and heavy storms resulted this year in serious damage to gear and the loss of many nets. Lowestoft fishermen are seen busily engaged in repair work

THE SCOTTISH HERRING GUTTERS: In a good season these girls can earn £3 or £4 a week. They work in teams of three

SNOW FALLS IN SCOTLAND: The first signs of winter are evident beyond the Border, and this picture from Argyllshire typifies the conditions which have been prevailing during the last week or two. In the foreground is Loch Tulla, reflecting the rugged mass of Stobghabhar

BREAKING UP THE BAGOT ESTATE: SOWING TIME IN WILTSHIRE | CATCHING RATS FOR A LIVING: BRIGHTON TUNNELS FOR WATER

AN UNUSUAL PURSUIT: Mr. Howard, the official rat-catcher of the L.N.E.R., returning after a day's work near Kennett Station, Cambridgeshire. His chief task is to prevent vermin from damaging the railway embankments

AXED: Lumbermen dealing with one of the famous oaks which are being felled on the Bagot Estate at Rugeley, Staffordshire. These woods are all that now remains of Needwood Forest, the favourite hunting ground of John of Gaunt

A SMALL BUT FLOURISHING INDUSTRY: This picture was taken at a flower-pot factory in White Hart Lane, Wood Green, which is successfully turning out a product that defies foreign competition

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WHITE HORSE OF WESTBURY: Sowing wheat in the primitive manner on the rolling plainlands of Wiltshire

TWO HUNDRED FEET BENEATH THE SOUTH DOWNS: These men are engaged in tunnelling operations in connection with Brighton's water-supply system. They have to undergo a searching medical test before they are allowed to undertake the work

THE SHOPPER'S PARADISE

How London is Prepared with New Ideas and Novelties to Meet the Great Seasonal Rush of Gift Buyers

By CHARLES GRAVES

AT HAMLEY'S: Where thousands of toys of every variety have been got together during months of painstaking work to meet the exacting needs of eager Christmas shoppers

"Leave this purse about. You get the shock of your life when you try to pick it up. Lots of fun."

"Try this joke at your club. Invite a fellow-member to have a drink and see that he is served in a dribble glass, the contents of which, instead of travelling down his throat, will stream down his chin and shirt front! Great fun may be had with a crowd of drinkers."

"When picked up, this cheese wobbles and causes a wave of excitement."

"Unobserved, place this little instrument in a chair. When, at your invitation, your friend takes a seat, just watch him jump!!!"

"Just an ordinary-looking piece of soap, but when you try to wash, your face becomes all black."

Yes, Christmas is only a fortnight away and the purchase of seasonal presents is rising to a crescendo of excitement. Most people probably imagine that the big departmental stores hurriedly lay in Christmas stock in the last ten days of November and hope for the best. In actual fact they, and the factories behind them, begin in January or February to prepare for the avalanche of buying which descends upon them every winter.

This year the public's purse-strings seem to have been pulled wider apart than ever before. Who knows into what trouble Europe may have got itself (and us) by next year? That seems to be the spirit of 1933, and so everyone seems determined to have at least a happy Christmas this year.

As you can guess, I have been to the most famous toy store in the world. It is in Regent Street and it is really superfluous for me to mention its name.

Every November about 200 extra assistants have to be taken on for the Christmas shopping, and so intricate have toys become that each of them has to spend several days at the manufacturers in order to learn how to work them. Admittedly such is the rising tide of bellicosity among children of tender age that toy soldiers have become almost as popular again as they were during the War. But most children over five or six demand increasingly intricate presents. It would take a Bachelor of Science and a fully-trained electrical engineer to understand the working of a very high percentage of this year's toys.

Ten years ago the nearest you got to a scientific toy was an electric torch. To-day toy stores are stocked with outfits of specially selected chemicals, sufficient to perform anything up to 400 experiments. They include test tubes, filter papers, spirit lamps, retorts, and are completely self-contained. Magnetism and static electricity also are an integral part of a very large number of Christmas presents which are being bought, sold, and delivered by thousands every day. There is even an electric "Rolls" driven by a 12-volt motor, which can do five miles an hour for fifteen miles on a single charge of batteries.

Altogether, the Christmas stock of toys in this one store runs to 20,000 different varieties, and naturally months of work and selection must be spent in choosing them. This is all done by Miss Stewart, the general manager and official toy-taster. She travels conscientiously to all the toy fairs in New York and Leipzig, as well as to the principal exhibitions in England. I would love to see her at work, solemnly pressing levers, pushing buttons, and rapidly assessing their amusement value. New games this winter include a table cricket game in which leg-theory can be practised, a new fishing game, many table games among which snakes and ladders will be recognized in modern guises such as "car parking", a shipping game which teaches commercial geography, gambling games in which stocks and shares are bought and sold, and "Lexicon," a new form of Rummy. Ready-made "paper and pencil" games for large parties are also available in hundreds of different forms, examples being the guessing of book titles from various pictures displayed round the room, guessing famous buildings from photographs of only part of them, finding faults in pictures, and so on.

A HAMPER OF GOOD THINGS: A Christmas gift that is always acceptable. This picture was taken at Messrs. Fortnum and Mason's of Piccadilly, where an increased staff is helping to cope with an avalanche of seasonal orders

Perfect scale aeroplanes which will fly as much as half a mile and form a serious rival to kites are also being sold like hot cakes. It is pleasant to learn, however, that the teddy bear is still the most popular animal, as it has been ever since the days of the first President Roosevelt, and that the Noah's Ark (now made in England instead of in Germany), spillikins, happy families, and pit are still in the running. By contrast, it is a sign of the times that a customer came in last week and asked for a child's size gas-mask for her five-year-old boy, who insisted on one for a Christmas present. "Out of the mouths of babes . . ." who knows?

Now come with me to the store in Piccadilly, founded by a footman in the days of George III and famous for its Brides' Book. Christmas, they tell us there, is becoming more old-fashioned every year. Six chefs are employed every day solely in making boars' heads. There are twenty extra assistants packing cases of wine (vintage port is very popular at Christmas). An extra staff of twelve are hard at it all day and every day making up baskets of fresh fruit and flowers—pineapples, grapes and, during the last hectic four days, the first shipment of Cape peaches and apricots. There is a special department, sixty strong, of Christmas chocolate makers. There are thirty extra assistants packing special hampers, and 200 more packing standard hampers. Every hour the vans rumble off to catch the Christmas mails. It is the head buyer of the grocery department who takes us round. He, like Miss Stewart, has been preparing for Christmas since before Easter.

"It is curious but satisfactory," says Mr. Johnson, "that only in the past ten or twelve years has it ceased to be thought patronizing to send people food as a Christmas present. In the old days the only food you could send was an expensive box of chocolates or preserved fruits. To-day our hampers, which go all over the world, include fat turkeys, foie gras, plum puddings, and goodness knows what else. Many firms which give Christmas presents come to us for, say, 200 brace of pheasants to send out for them. The seasonal business is enormous. Of course it is hard to find novelties in food. The public does not like novelties. Lady H——, who has a flock of marvellous white pedigree turkeys, suggested that we might do a special Christmas line in them. But we knew it would be no good. The public would think that they came from Poland or somewhere.

"Most of your novelty must be in the packing. This year, for example, we have guava jelly from Dominica packed in the natural reed, and the jars containing the Chinese ginger are more ornamental than ever. But there are so many good things which people buy only in large quantities at Christmas. I am thinking of Carlsbad plums and those Chinese oranges known as cumquats, and strawberries in kirsch or Grand Marnier, and almonds and Tafilat dates (the big chaps) and marrons glacés, which we send out by grosses and grosses. And don't forget the blue Stiltons and Wensleydales, the sugared plums and chow-chow, and muscatels and shortbread. Figs, by the way, are going out because of false teeth and appendicitis. But foie gras is becoming more and more popular despite the appalling tax. Altogether this is

(Continued on p. 420)

GIFTS THAT NEVER FAIL TO PLEASE: A charming young assistant at Marshall and Snelgrove's displaying a few of the many shades, varieties, and shapes of the indispensable bag the firm has ready for its Christmas customers

MAINLY PERSONAL

THE LAUGHING EXILE: Mar Shimun, the young patriarch of the Assyrians, who is now staying in London on strict parole. The British Government were asked to take him to a place of safety after the recent outbreak on the Iraq frontier, which resulted in the death of a number of his compatriots. He is seen here with Canon John Douglas at the latter's house in Peckham

THE CHAMPION JOCKEY ENTERTAINS: Gordon Richards with some of the guests whom he invited to the Piccadilly Hotel last week. On the left is F. Fox, and next to Richards are Sir Wyndham Portal and W. Nevett, the North Country rider

A TALENTED PAIR: Dave and Dorothy Fitzgibbon who are now entertaining visitors at the Dorchester in the New York Midnight Follies

MISS PRIMROSE SALT who will appear in Mrs. John Barnard's Christmas Cabaret. The proceeds will be employed in buying Christmas gifts for poor children

AT THE APPLIED ARTS AND HANDICRAFTS EXHIBITION: Captain Malcolm Turner arranging his hand-carved model of *Great Harry*

A NEW IDEA IN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS: The Staffordshire pottery firms are making a speciality of masks of famous personalities, and, if the idea appeals to you, you can have a likeness of yourself for presentation to a friend

AT THE CAFÉ DE LA PAIX: Mr. Hopkinson, Miss Diane Forbes Robertson, the Earl of Newborough, and Mr. Henry Russell. The café, which was formerly known as the Indian Restaurant, has recently been strikingly re-decorated

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE "SEAMAN'S BIBLE": Dr. L. J. Comrie, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, who is now engaged in the production of the Nautical Almanac for 1938

NEW LIFE for ELTHAM PALACE

Mr. Stephen Courtauld's Restoration Scheme

THE GREAT HALL AT ELTHAM, which Edward IV. rebuilt in 1479. It has a hammer-beam roof and is 36 ft. wide by over 100 ft. long. At the present moment it is in a somewhat dilapidated condition, but Mr. Stephen Courtauld has decided to restore it and convert it into a music-room to which the public will be admitted

LEADING TO THE GREAT HALL: One of the many beautiful doors at Eltham

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE: The little cottage nestling near the famous structure at Eltham may have to be removed when the restoration work begins. Several unsightly and more modern buildings in the vicinity are certainly to go

Brief notices in the Press to the effect that the Commissioners of Crown Lands were contemplating granting a ninety-nine year lease of Eltham Palace and some thirty-four acres of adjacent land, with permission to demolish some of the buildings existing on the site and to replace them with a modern house, have caused considerable anxiety. It is very satisfactory, therefore, to find that the whole project has been most carefully considered, and that Eltham Palace will benefit rather than suffer from the change. Mr. Stephen Courtauld is the prospective lessee, and his architects are Paul Paget and the Hon. John Seely. The plans which they submitted to the Commissioners were laid before the Crown Lands Advisory Committee, who then visited Eltham Palace and, after a thorough survey of present conditions and the proposed alterations, expressed a verdict in favour of the scheme.

Eltham Palace was built by the Bishop of Durham at the end of the thirteenth century. Of this palace no trace remains except the moat of quadrangular form and perhaps parts of the retaining wall. The property passed into the hands of the Crown in 1311, but, except for the possible alteration of the chapel by Henry IV., there is no definite evidence of alterations until Edward IV. rebuilt the Great Hall in 1479. The palace was still largely intact when the Parliamentary Survey was carried out during the Commonwealth, but in subsequent years it fell into disuse and gradually dwindled to its present state.

During the Victorian era houses were built on the site, and these disfigure the beauty of the place and jostle rudely up against the very walls of the medieval Royal Hall. Mr. Courtauld proposes to pull down these houses, which have neither beauty nor historic interest, and, having cleared the site, to build himself, adjoining one end of the Hall, a modern house. This house will be of brick in the Georgian manner, and should fit in well with the older buildings. The Hall itself will be carefully restored, converted into a music-room, and will be open to visitors on one day a week, and probably on other days by special arrangement. M. I. B.

Above—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PALACE TO-DAY: The building on the right is to be taken down. *Right*—The fifteenth-century bridge which crosses all that now remains of the palace moat and which led by way of a gatehouse to a large court to the right of the chapel and the Royal apartments

"BERKELEY SQUARE"

And Other Films of the Moment

A SUCCESSFUL PLAY ADAPTED TO THE SCREEN: Leslie Howard and Valerie Taylor in a scene from the Fox Film, *Berkeley Square*, which last week started its London run at the Marble Arch Pavilion. Mr. Howard takes the part of the young man who returns to the past and lives the life of one of his ancestors

"BERKELEY SQUARE": Leslie Howard during his adventure in the past falls desperately in love with one of the Pettigrew sisters, acted by Heather Angel, and is torn between his desire to stay with the woman he loves or to go back and take his place in the world of the twentieth century

"LOVE AT COURT": Herr Ehmann in the role of Kaiser Franz Joseph in a new Austrian production. Historical films are particularly popular in Vienna to-day

A SOUND CITY PRODUCTION: Kenneth Kove (centre) and Doris Long in a scene from *Song of the Plough* which will shortly be showing in the West End

"WHITE WOMAN": Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton in Paramount's new picture of life in the Malayan jungle

THE TITHE QUESTION PROVIDES GOOD SCREEN DRAMA: A moving episode from the Sound City film, *Song of the Plough*, which has recently been completed under the direction of John Baxter. Stewart Rome, as the yeoman farmer, is bemoaning the prospect of having to sell his farm to meet tithe dues, while Rosalind Fuller, his wife, sympathizes with him in his difficulties

THE LATEST CHARLOT REVUE

The inimitable Beatrice Lillie who gives an amusing burlesque of an operatic singer in the Savoy production, *Please!*

A FILM FIGURE: Hope Davy, who plays a leading part in the new British production, *Trouble*

PLAYS and FIL

"On the Rocks" at the Winter; foonery from Mr. Shaw and Shrewd Commonsense: "Man Half-finished Play that

By PHILIP

Mr. Bernard Shaw can still find something funny in politics. If it is not there, he can always put it there for use in what is a play only in the sense that actors and actresses are engaged, and it is performed in a theatre.

Although *On the Rocks* has been produced at the Winter Garden, a theatre renowned some years ago as the home of musical-comedy, the surroundings are not really inappropriate, for no musical-comedy has ever been so amusing as this piece of political buffoonery. When it descends to buffoonery without the politics it is sillier than anything produced on any stage.

Fortunately, Mr. Shaw indulges here but sparingly in those rather dreadful romps and those streaks of broad farce. The beauty, intelligence, and humour of *Back to Methuselah*, were marred by a silly episode of a black woman undressing before a mirror; in *The Apple Cart* there was a similar lapse—King Magnus rolling over and over on the floor in a squabble with his mistress. There were similar rollings in *Too True to be Good*. Mr. Shaw seems to like them. I have never yet met anyone else who did.

Apart from an irrepressible and intolerable young son and daughter of the principal figure, who is Prime Minister of a National Government, *On the Rocks* is only verbally farcical. As an entertainment it is far superior to either *The Apple Cart*, good though that was, and its immediate successor.

There is little but talk, of which there is no point in my giving even a bare outline. Most of it is brilliant talk, full of the shrewdest commonsense and good-humoured digs at almost every imaginable political creed. So good-humoured is the author, and so careful to let each aspect of each question have due consideration—for all the party leaders are found "proclaiming with no little heat their various opinions"—that I found it impossible to believe he had taken up a personal attitude sufficiently definite for anyone to be annoyed.

Labour's official organ, however, always rather touchy on these matters, has deduced that Mr. Shaw is now a Fascist. With immense seriousness does the *Daily Herald* announce that this stage Prime Minister has "lifted the sensible parts of his revolutionary programme from the present Labour policy."

A grey-haired Labour leader, the hot blood of his red red youth having long since cooled, and its accompanying hot air having evaporated, is shown as a lovable and sensible old soul who no longer worships Karl Marx, and thinks that deeds and not eloquence and reading will get England out of the mess. This is described Heraldically as "ungenerous and wilful misrepresentation." So on these lines we must conclude that Mr. Shaw is anti-Labour because he makes this Labour man quite the most sympathetic of all his characters!

All that had happened to "Old Hipney," beautifully played by Mr. Edward Rigby, was that he had ceased to be a fanatic. If members of the Labour Party are "wilfully misrepresented" every time they are not pictured as spouting alternate streams of bad temper and sentimental inaccuracy, they are revealing a degree of modesty hitherto unsuspected.

To any complaints that this is political controversy and not dramatic criticism I reply that it is Mr. Shaw's fault. For his play *is* political controversy, and not drama at all.

Mr. Nicholas Hannen's part as the Prime Minister is as long as Hamlet and a good deal more perplexing. As a feat of memory his performance was remarkable, and he came as near to being human as the author allowed him to be. I do not know why in Act I he was dressed like a butler and in Act II in velvet. Mr. Walter Hudd was concise and vivid as the Chief Commissioner of Police.

As a penniless duke Mr. Lawrence Hanray was amusing; but my experience of dukes, rich or poor, leads me to think, though it is neither intimate nor extensive, that they do not wear grey frockcoats and monocles and look like seedy "mashers," surviving from the 'nineties. Miss Ellen Pollock, as an over-educated East Ender with a refaned accent and a gift of the gab, was 100 per cent. Shavian. That she could hardly help.

At the Duchess.—The dexterity Mr. J. B. Priestley displayed in dealing with stage crime in his *Dangerous Corner* is less obvious in *Laburnum Grove*, and therefore more subtle. He breaks one of the established rules of play-making, daringly, wisely, and with good effect.

It has been said that no dramatist should befog his audience too long, if at all, on a major issue. By this I do not mean the spotting of a mere murderer in the conventional "crook" play; that silly game can be kept up until the end with due mystery for those who do not realize that the least likely person is always the criminal and that the squire has not been stabbed by the villainous ex-convict butler (who has a mass of evidence against him and who, being the squire's brother, is the heir to his fortune), but by the vicar's wife, a saintly soul who appears in the first act only. That, by the way, is not the plot of Mr. Priestley's play, but a sudden inspiration of my own and likely to be a profitable one.

Mr. Priestley takes a greater risk than that. He keeps us in the dark until the last act as to the

On left—PHYLISS CLARE, who is appearing in the successful musical comedy, *Give Me a Ring*, at the London Hippodrome. She has achieved recognition in both American and British films

ILMS of TO-DAY

arden — More Political Buf- ome Brilliant Dialogue Full of roposes" at Wyndham's — A ight have been Excellent

PAGE

whole style and purport of his play. Two-thirds of *Laburnum Grove* is suburban comedy, very good of its kind but not a very original kind. The last act hovers over tragedy and is a grim battle of wits, none the less grim for being carried out with smiling politeness.

The effect is as startling as if a musical-comedy heroine had to die of heart-failure in a scene with the red-nosed comedian. For we all thought, as his friends and relations thought, that pleasant suburban Mr. Radfern told his sister-in-law, her husband, a nasty young man after his daughter, and the daughter herself, that he was a member of a gang of Continental forgers in order to stop them sponging on him. But it was true. He certainly did grow tomatoes and smile and behave like a thoroughly good little sort. I believe Charles Peace had his domestic moments and played the violin.

But if Mr. Radfern was no murderer, he was a large-scale criminal and one clever enough to argue the detective-inspector out of the house and to escape.

Here is a good "leg-pull" and rare entertainment throughout. Never mind the obvious flaw—that no criminal would so needlessly give his game away. There is something in the theory that if you want to put people off the scent you should tell them the exact truth, and they will not believe it. Yet it is a dangerous line for a forger to take. Besides, those relations *did* believe him, and it was only most of the audience who fell into the trap and thought that Mr. Radfern was bluffing.

The skill of Mr. Edmund Gwenn, in one of the most complicated parts he has ever played, was invaluable. He was the genial, generous Mr. Gwenn of innumerable plays (it is good, by the way, that he has returned for a while to plays from the "movies"), but the suggestion of something sinister wanted some delicate handling, and that it received. A splendid performance.

Miss Mary Jerrold was his understanding wife; and how much did that wife understand? Mr. Melville Cooper and Miss Ethel Coleridge contributed amusing sketches of a pair of predatory relatives, and Miss Margery Pickard played a nice girl nicely.

"Man Proposes."—I really do not see why a man should not write a play about a group of people journeying by air between England and a fashionable resort on the north coast of France, and crashing to death, without its being suggested that he has in his mind a tragic episode in real life a few years since.

Whether the Meopham disaster was in the mind of Mr. Chetham-Strode, author of *Man Proposes*, the new play at Wyndham's, I do not know and I do not care. He might have used a motor car or a train smash with as much, or as little, effect. What I think an author should not do is to get his characters either in a hopeless muddle or in a position which admits of no dramatic development at all, and then let some malignant fate solve the problem for him, after a fashion, by killing most of them off.

In the case of Mr. Chetham-Strode the position is the more regrettable in that his people are not uninteresting. We do not want them killed off because they bored us. I did not want them killed off at all. I wanted to see what he would do with them after a number of isolated scenes of considerable value, though these were scenes which, in the aggregate, led to almost nothing.

Mr. Norton, married to pleasant, pretty Mrs. Norton, is in love with a girl called Nonie. There had been an "affair" the previous year, but she does not love him now and does not want the happiness of Mrs. Norton, whom she likes and respects, spoiled. Another woman knows the position and threatens, "in the interests of morality," to tell Mrs. Norton. So Nonie, to stop her tongue, becomes engaged to Toby, a devoted admirer.

Here the play might easily have come to an end; there have been many worse, for it is well written and not without wit. As an alternative, the author might have let us see what Mrs. Norton would have done if she had been told; or how Toby would get on with Nonie, who doesn't love him; or Mr. Norton making love to the catty woman to stop her tongue that way. But no. Mr. Chetham-Strode murderously pops nearly his whole cast into that fatal aeroplane, including a lovable, amusing old aunt, the catty woman, a nasty young ex-undergraduate, the sweet Mrs. Norton, and, of course, the pilot. Only Toby and Nonie remain behind. And we are not even allowed to see how they receive the news of the disaster. The stage is empty when the shouts of the paper-sellers are heard through the windows. If the author had not shirked an important part of his job, *Man Proposes* might have been an excellent play.

Mr. Owen Nares has produced it with skill and himself gives a beautifully sympathetic performance as Toby. Miss Joan Marion had a difficult task as Nonie and accomplished it well; Dame May Whitty gave point to some amusing lines; Miss Cecily Byrne was very sweet and gracious as Mrs. Norton; Mr. Cyril Raymond had little to do as her husband but look glum; and Miss Grizelda Hervey was cursed with the most unpleasant part this charming person has ever had to play.

Beatrice Lillie, Frank Lawton, and Reginald Smith in "Two in a Bar," a feature of the new André Charlot revue, *Please!*

A SKETCH AT THE SAVOY

On right—WHICH IS THE REAL PEARL NECKLACE? George Gee and Jerry Verno are faced with a difficult problem in *That's a Pretty Thing*, the new musical comedy at Daly's

"THAT'S A PRETTY THING" AT DALY'S: Pearl Osgood discovers Jerry Verno and George Gee attempting to open the safe

A DRAMATIC MOMENT: Henry de Bray demands the key of the safe in which the necklace has been hidden in *That's a Pretty Thing*

BOOKS

Herr Feuchtwanger's Poignant Story of Jewish Persecution: Unstinted Praise for the late Earl Haig: Mr. Priestley as a Dramatist: "Madam Gold," a Story of Life in the Business World

By CECIL ROBERTS

HERR LION FEUCHTWANGER, who indicts the Nazis for their treatment of the Jews in his new novel, *Oppermann*

Without being cynical it will not be difficult to forecast the immediate future of German literature. It will be written by German Jews living in exile, with only one theme. They will all write of the events leading up to the triumph of the Nazis, they will all show the slow but sure degradation of the German mind, they will all make out a very striking indictment of the treatment of the Jews by the German National Socialists, and they will all succeed in revealing the Nazi regime as one of treachery, persecution, terror, and lunacy.

It would not be natural for all the brilliant exiled Jewish authors to write anything else. Driven out of the country they served to make illustrious, they will naturally bring their genius to bear on exposing the followers of Adolf Hitler and in vilifying the men who have done them a stupid and grave injury. And yet, shall we reach the truth this way, with charge and counter-charge? It is obvious, from the start, that at the hands of her *littérateurs* Germany will have a bad Press. Her leading novelists are Jews, and Germany will find herself at the bar of the world without any brilliant counsel for the defence. This must be borne in mind in reading the forerunner of the series I have predicted.

Here comes Herr Lion Feuchtwanger, the world-famous author of *Jew Süss*. He wields a powerful pen, and his voice will be heeded. He writes from the refuge of France, a dispossessed author who cannot safely return to his Fatherland. That he writes with bitterness must be expected, and that he makes out a strong and pathetic case for Jews like his Oppermanns, men devoted to science and to the alleviation of suffering, is inevitable. What, of course, will not emerge in these Jewish indictments, and what has not emerged in **Herr Feuchtwanger's** new novel, **Oppermann (Secker. 7s. 6d.)**, is the case for the National Socialists. The nondescript Jews out of Russia and Poland, the horde that flourished on the defeat of Germany, that mounted on to the back of the German people and goaded them to frenzy by hard methods, do not appear in this story. They were a powerful factor in Germany's revolt and Hitler's unscrupulous propaganda. Herr Feuchtwanger chooses to ignore them.

It is probable that all Jewish novelists, penning their case against Germany, will ignore this factor. And the Germans, in their colossal folly, seem to have forgotten that they will need able defenders against powerful propaganda proceeding from men who have been cruelly wronged.

There does not seem to be a really first-class writer left in Germany. When recently I expressed this opinion to a prominent German he retorted at once: "Exactly, that is what is the matter with us; we have allowed everything, even literature, to get into the hands of the Jews. We must make our own music, our own literature, as well as our own industries." It remains to be seen if they can.

Herr Feuchtwanger has certainly written a novel that will move the tide of opinion favourably, if indeed it is not already set that way. He tells a story extremely poignant in its human details—the honourable man driven to flight, the Jewish doctor molested in the operating theatre, the schoolboy driven as a last protest of independence to suicide, and finally of the exiles, gathering together after the storm, to compare their notes and exchange their tales of horror. There are powerful scenes of mob rage, and of the treatment of the old Jew in one of those cellars of the Nazis where sly torture was perpetrated. The book is divided into sections dealing with *Yesterday*, showing the gathering of the storm; with *To-day*, in which the forces of Hitler achieve power, and *To-morrow*, in which the full tide of anti-Jewish feeling bears down upon good and bad citizens alike.

I do not doubt the accuracy of any of the pictures Herr Feuchtwanger has drawn, and the facts are quite indefensible. The author even uses Hitler's own book with telling effect. He notes with irony in a preface that "The material for the description of the views, morality, and habits of the Nationalists in Germany was obtained from Adolf Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*, and from the reports of those who escaped from the concentration camps as well as, in particular, from the official publications of the German *Reichsanzeiger* for the year 1933."

Oppermann in the end finds a refuge in the South of France, but he is a broken man. The incident that began the attack on Dr. Oppermann opened his eyes to the ugly truth. A troublesome patient in hospital was caught smoking. He was remonstrated with, and a Jew, Dr. Jacoby, was called in to deal with him. All the patients united in insulting the little doctor. Gravely alarmed, Oppermann went to see his old friend, Mulheim, to ask whether some kind of legal action could not be taken. Mulheim replied there was no chance of success in the courts. "Don't forget, Edgar, that our opponents have one tremendous advantage over us: their absolute lack of fairness. That is the very reason why they are in power to-day. They have always employed such primitive methods that the rest of us simply did not believe them possible, for they would not have been possible in any other country. They actually shot down every political leader of the Left of any consequence, one after the other. They were never punished."

Herr Feuchtwanger has lost none of his old power. There is now a moral indignation under every line and he has ceased to be merely an historical novelist. Will this book provoke a reply, and if so, who is of his calibre to write it?

Brigadier-General Charteris, the man who was in close touch with Haig during the critical period of his career, has written the book on **Haig** in **Messrs. Duckworth's** 2s. series of biographies. It is almost a model soldier who is presented to us—cautious, God-fearing, perfect in manners, handsome in appearance. General Charteris is of the opinion that he was a great soldier, and the whole biography was written in this key. Many years must pass before the correct judgment of Haig is possible, before the charm and attraction of the man can be divorced from the soldier. In this short work General Charteris will not hear of any failures; there is scarcely a word on the frightful obstinacy that made a butcher's shop of Passchendaele. All the War histories tend to show that out of that tremendous conflict not a single general of genius emerged, unless it was the Grand Duke Nicholas, and his ability was never properly tested owing to the internal collapse of Russia. This little book does serve, however, to draw attention to a soldier who in every detail seemed to fulfil Wordsworth's definition of The Happy Warrior.

In **Madam Gold**, by **Hilda Lewis (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.)**, we are again dealing with the Jews, but in what a different atmosphere. This is the story of Esther and her husband, Nate, and of the early years of married life. Esther is lifted by marriage out of a slum in Bethnal Green to the proud exclusiveness, as it seems, of Golders Green. But her competent husband breaks down and there is an ignominious retreat to Bethnal Green. It is on Esther's shoulders now that the mantle of business falls, and she is magnificent in her fight for husband and child. Miss Lewis has brought to her story a wealth of acutely observed life, indeed she is almost reckless with material which is sufficient to furnish half-a-dozen novels. A blow falls with the death of her devoted husband, and the battle is renewed. She struggles on and then her child leaves her. There is only big business left. The story of that business is told with something like passion. Miss Lewis has given us a novel full of action, flaming here and there into real emotion. Here is a novel into which politics do not intrude, and one realizes how different, how happy and free is this atmosphere of English Jewry compared with the atmosphere that fills Herr Feuchtwanger's study. This is a novel that would have delighted Arnold Bennett with its detail of the business world in which Esther moved with superb generalship.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARTERIS, who has written a life of Earl Haig for Duckworth's 2s. series of Biographies

It seems to me quite likely that Mr. J. B. Priestley, the dramatist, will speedily eclipse **Mr. J. B. Priestley**, the novelist. He gave us an excellent play in *Dangerous Corner*. It revealed a dramatic talent quite out of the ordinary. Now he gives us a comedy, **The Roundabout (Heinemann. 5s.)**, and again the handling is that of a man who is wholly at home in the theatre. This play, produced originally at the Playhouse, Liverpool, is described by its author as "an attempt to construct a very light comedy out of material a little less intellectually negligible than the material out of which most very light comedies are constructed." There is a clash of political faiths in the comedy that provides Mr. Priestley with some of his quickest dialogue, and in Staggles and Gurney we see the two schools at loggerheads. "Your mind's fat already. And soon your body'll be fat, if it has time to, before the social revolution comes," jeers Staggles, and Gurney retorts, "You two hogs came round on the wrong side. That twopenny parcel of scrap iron of yours ought to have a road to itself. You're not fit to be driving along with civilized people. Why don't you stay in Russia? With that shirt." The gift for dialogue is there, and Mr. Priestley has an ingenious mind for situations.

Someone might write an absorbing study on the terrifying intelligence of **Mr. Compton Mackenzie**. How, with so much brain, does he find time for the bees in his bonnet? That bonnet, by the way, is well displayed on the picture wrapper, showing a slightly disagreeable man trying hard to look like a Scottish Nationalist. Why does a Great Cause have such an effect on the features of genial men? The Mussolini-expression seems to be in favour everywhere that enthusiasts persuade themselves they are out to right a great Wrong. I have read this new book, **Reaped and Bound (Secker. 6s.)**, with unmitigated pleasure and growing admiration for Mr. Compton Mackenzie's mind. But in the one thing which, I feel, perversely he wishes to shine, namely as the champion of Scottish Nationalism, he seems deplorably weak. As the Rector of Glasgow University he addresses the students, and the real Mackenzie wholly vanishes in a laboured panegyric on Nationalism.

I have no views either way about Scottish Nationalism; but Mr. Mackenzie, who should have plenty, seems unable to produce a single acute argument. "I hold too infrangible a faith in the spiritual destiny of man to propose that Scotland should retire from the struggle in order to preserve an ignominious unimportance as a small nation on the edge of the great Eurasian continent," he declares.

You can hear the sonorous words ringing out in the packed hall, but what on earth does it all mean? Does it mean anything at all except a pompous parade of words? In the end the orator is reduced to rhodomontade. "I have looked down over Athens. I have looked down over Rome. With beauty unparagoned the glory and the grandeur have been spread before my eyes; but in that sight of Glasgow something was added which neither Rome nor Athens could give—the glory and the grandeur of the future, and the beating heart of a nation." What fustian! Good enough for cheering students, but not for the intelligent public that Mr. Mackenzie has commanded for so long. *(Cont. on p. 418)*

On page 418 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

A letter has been received from the Regent Street Association, Ltd., with regard to a review of Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell's book, *A History of Everyday Things in England*. The writer takes exception to a statement which appeared on this page to the effect that the modern vandals who pulled down Nash's Regent Street "are now being punished by inability to pay the rents of these new stone mausoleums of business," and points out that many people do not regard the present architecture of Regent Street as a "wretched disaster." "Also," the letter continues, "it was the Commissioners of Crown Lands who decided that the street should be rebuilt, and the lessees, who pay the ground rent, had to build according to the requirements of the Crown." The letter ends with the statement that "In regard to the reference to rent, I should be glad if you would make it clear that the majority of shop rents have reached an economic level, and there is no question of these rents not being paid."

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BY APPOINTMENT

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MORRIS

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The car illustrated is the Cowley-Six Saloon (sliding head) £220

SOUND PRICES IN THE SALE-ROOMS

Activity at Christie's and Sotheby's

The past few weeks have shown considerable activity in the sale-rooms, which have been full of good things, and in consequence a good level of prices has been observed, showing that the slow but steady revival of trade has crept into the sale-rooms. Gone, of course, are the amazing, often fantastic prices of the boom years, which created a false estimate—gone, like the colossal majorities obtained at the last General Election, achieved only through the stimulus of a real sense of national danger. But election majorities are still good when compared with normal times—and so are sale-room prices. Sellers must be prepared for the normal, with a swing up or down, according to the particular taste of the moment. It is instructive, for instance, to notice the rise in favour of Etty, once scorned as an artist of inferior merit, but who now commands respect and increasing prices.

Looking back over the past weeks in the sale-rooms one can notice the good prices obtained. The jewel sale, for instance, with which Messrs. Christie opened realized the far from insignificant sum of £56,533 for eighty-nine lots. Silver still maintains its proper value (as in fact it did throughout the slump), as can be seen by the sale last week at Messrs. Christie's, when an early Elizabethan tazza, 1560, bearing the maker's mark, realized £526 2s. 6d. at the high rate of 1,150s. an ounce, and a small George I hot-milk jug, not quite 10 ounces, made £167.

There was some disappointment to the seller, on the other hand, that the copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare's plays did not achieve the record price of £14,500 given for Lord Rosebery's copy at Messrs. Sotheby's last summer. The excellent copy offered in the same rooms early this season, failed to obtain more than £2,800, and it is thought was bought in.

The prices for etchings afford an illustration of inflated values. A few years ago we all gasped when a single etching realized over £100. There was a moment when there was no possibility of estimating how much one might not have to give for a work by Sir D. Y. Cameron. His "Evening on the Firth from Inchcolm" once actually realized £300; this same etching only obtained £60 last week at Messrs. Sotheby's. Apparently it was a bad investment when £640 was given, four years ago, for the same etcher's North Holland set (twenty-two etchings) for at the sale last week it was bought in when no higher bid was given than £140.

Colour prints at Messrs. Sotheby's last week (November 27) held their own. "A Maid, a Wife, a Widow, and what you will," by and after J. R. Smith, made 310 guineas, and a set of "The Cries of London" containing the rare plate "Hot Spiced Gingerbread" realized 1,050 guineas. Before the War this was considered an excellent price, but since then a similar set has achieved much more, even up to £3,30

Our English water-colourists, Girtin, Cotman, David Cox, and Birket Foster, have of late years kept up a good level. Messrs. Sotheby a few weeks ago sold a drawing of "Morpeth Bridge," by Thomas Girtin, for 315 guineas. In 1881 this picture made only £110, and this was greatly in advance of prices obtained at the time of his death—when £24 was the highest price given at the sale for the benefit of his widow. Birket Foster is always welcomed in the sale-room and the bidding is usually keen, but the exceptional price of £1,942 10s. paid for his finest picture, "On the Thames at Greenwich," in 1924 was not repeated at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 28, when Messrs. Vicars obtained it for £600.

There was a very satisfactory sale at Messrs. Christie's on November 24 when the collection of the late Mr. Stephen Mitchell of Kippen, Stirlingshire, was sold. Fantin Latour's "Roses Tremières" made £819. This picture makes steady progression in auction value—when it first appeared in 1894 it was 50 guineas, nine years later it rose to 300 guineas, and in 1909 it reached 410 guineas. Millais, who in his lifetime obtained high prices, is now at a low level, as his picture "No" illustrated very forcibly, when its highest offer was 250 guineas, whereas in 1901 it had sold for £1,470. It is quite obvious that the Victorian art of his day is no longer appreciated, and it is perhaps well to retain pictures until a change of fashion.

This current week has seen the sale of the collection of Earl Howe, coming from Penn House, Amersham, Bucks, at Messrs. Christie's. It consisted of pictures, furniture, silver and books, and occupied four days. The English furniture attracted most attention, as some pieces were of supreme excellence, bearing the hall-mark of breeding, having been in the same family for generations. The pictures, two of which are illustrated this week, included some seventeenth century Dutch paintings, and two by Rembrandt. The "View of the Thames from Adelphi Terrace," by S. Scott, was particularly attractive, showing London as a city of steeples, before they were obscured by our huge blocks of modern buildings.

Next week (December 15) a beautiful bust of a young woman, representing Diana, will be sold at a sale at Messrs. Sotheby's. It is by Augustin Pajou (1730–1809), a celebrated sculptor of his day, who produced busts of Louis XVI and Madame du Barri. Talking of busts, it is interesting to note that the marble bust of a Princess of Aragon by Francesco Laurana, the fifteenth-century sculptor, which was illustrated in THE SPHERE a few weeks ago, was sold in New York last week for £20,500—being purchased by Messrs. Duveen.

B. H.

FROM THE EARL HOWE COLLECTION: An impression by S. Scott of St. Paul's Cathedral, the river, and old London Bridge. It was offered at Christie's on December 7

A YOUNG WOMAN AS DIANA: A bust by Augustin Pajou (1730–1809) to be sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on December 15

A REMBRANDT MASTERPIECE: "Portrait of a Man with Long White Hair" from the Earl Howe collection auctioned this week

TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S ON DECEMBER 13: A George II Scottish Tea Service, one of the earliest complete sets known to be in existence

A PAIR OF BUDDHISTIC LIONS: These animals, sometimes called Dogs of Fo, are represented in the conventional attitude. The heads are coloured green, and the tails are in aubergine and black, while the bodies are green and yellow with cloud-scrolls left in the biscuit. They will be offered at Messrs. Christie's on December 14

PEACE ON EARTH

There is nothing so soothing as a really good cigarette or a pipe filled with fragrant tobacco. A gift that is certain to establish your reputation for doing the right thing is Player's special Christmas packing of 100 Navy Cut cigarettes. It is shown at the head of the panel on the right of this page, together with the famous flat fifty tin of Navy Cut cigarettes, also dressed up in a very gay case for this great occasion. The tin of Airman tobacco completes a trio which is always certain of an enthusiastic reception wherever it goes, so firmly founded is its popularity

If you want to spend anything between 2s. 6d. and £3 you will find a presentation casket or cabinet of State Express cigarettes which exactly meets your requirements. Silver plated or golden finished caskets, like the one shown in the centre of the panel on the right, contain 50, 100, or 150 cigarettes, and there are attractive shapes in "shagreen" effect or thuya wood to hold 50 or 100 cigarettes. In addition, there are special luxury gift packings of the new State Express 333 cigarettes. The cabinets of 555 cigarettes holding 150, 250, 500, or 1,000 cigarettes are dignified and show no undue elaboration

There is something irresistibly cheerful about the red and gold Christmas packings of the famous Craven "A" cigarettes. They are in four sizes—200, 150, 100, and 50—while Craven Plain (without cork tips) are offered in packings of green and silver in 50 boxes and 100 boxes. Both have a greetings card on the back of the box which has an outer wrapper of moisture-proof cellophane. A 1-lb. decorated canister of Craven Empire *de luxe* tobacco costs 14s., the ½-lb. size being sold for 7s.

A modern sherry set in English cut glass on a black glass and chromium tray. The satisfying cleanness of its lines would establish a sense of harmony in any room whether the scheme of decoration was modern or not, and the beauty of its colour is shown up by its balanced simplicity. It comes from Mappin & Webb, 158, Oxford Street, W., 172, Regent Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, where there is an interesting collection of sterling silver cigarette boxes of every type at prices ranging from 25s. to £10

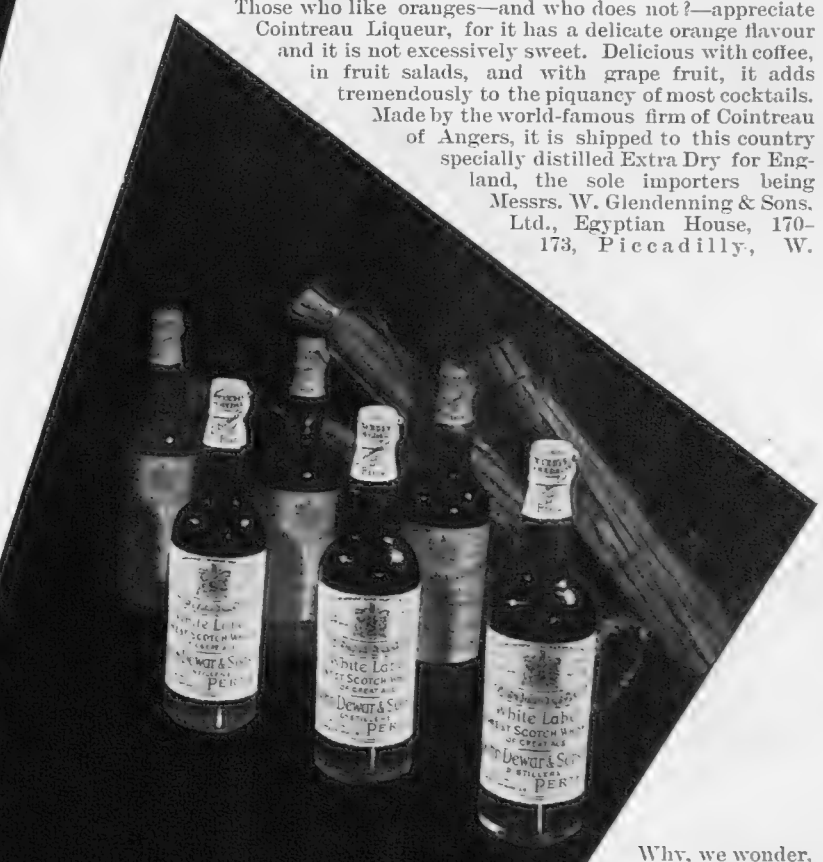
Few indeed are the people who seem to have an adequate supply of ash trays—much to the discomfort of their guests and their own subsequent annoyance! Those shown on the right are particularly neat, for the four are grouped on a tray and each has a glass box inside which can, without any trouble, be taken out and emptied. It costs ten shillings and is very modern in design at Swan & Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, where the imitation shagreen cylindrical cigarette box, which rotates to reveal divisions holding Egyptian, Turkish, and Virginian cigarettes, is available for ten shillings. The eight-day travel clock costs twenty-five shillings and has a real leather case, which is made in several colourings

GOODWILL TO MEN

Nothing so surely promotes a feeling of goodwill as the realization that one has dined wisely and well. The really thoughtful host never loses sight of the fact that it is the liqueur which sets the final seal of perfection on all that has led up to it. Drambuie has been made in the Isle of Skye since 1745, when one of Prince Charlie's retainers took the recipe to Scotland. In great demand wherever men forgather, it is a Christmas present which would give lasting pleasure, and be a genuine tribute to the taste of the recipient and the discernment of the giver

To welcome your guests when nights are cold, to greet your friends who may be far away, there is no safer choice than Crawford's Scotch whisky. Their "Special Reserve" is a very fine standard blend of well-matured Scotch whiskies, while "Five Star" Old Liqueur is the type of drink that appeals to connoisseurs who are able to thoroughly appreciate its great age and mellowness. Both are specially packed in three and six bottle presentation hinged cases which are absolutely in keeping with their rare contents, and there is no extra charge for them

Those who like oranges—and who does not?—appreciate Cointreau Liqueur, for it has a delicate orange flavour and it is not excessively sweet. Delicious with coffee, in fruit salads, and with grape fruit, it adds tremendously to the piquancy of most cocktails. Made by the world-famous firm of Cointreau of Angers, it is shipped to this country specially distilled Extra Dry for England, the sole importers being Messrs. W. Glendenning & Sons, Ltd., Egyptian House, 170–173, Piccadilly, W.



Why, we wonder, do many women sigh that men's presents are so "difficult"? Specially packed in appropriately decorated wooden boxes, all ready for despatch, Dewar's famous "White Label" whisky is a no-trouble gift that will earn you praise and gratitude. The cases contain two, three, six, or twelve bottles, and are obtainable at any licensed dealer. Of great age, it has a subtle softness that makes an immediate appeal to the discriminating palate, and as a result it is a firmly established favourite

One thing is absolutely certain. It is almost an impossibility to have too much of a good thing when that thing is so universally acclaimed as Grant's "Stand Fast" Old Highland whisky. Special gift cases containing one, two, three, or six bottles are obtainable, and if any difficulty is experienced in obtaining them a line to Grants, Dufftown, will bring a supply through your usual wine merchant. The product of William Grant & Sons, Ltd., sole proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, it can confidently be introduced anywhere, for it is certain of its welcome wherever a really fine Scotch whisky is recognized

WINTERING IN SICILY

OLD SICILY: The majestic remains of the great Græco-Roman theatre on the heights above Taormina. In the distance is Mount Etna

The Beauty of Taormina: Palermo's Ideal Setting: The Ancient Buildings of Syracuse

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

The charms of Sicily in the winter time are manifold. The climate resembles that of England in the late spring, and it is so mild and equable that at some coastal resorts, particularly at Palermo, there is very pleasant winter sea-bathing. The atmosphere is clear, there are abundant sunshine and absence of fog and trying winds; and early in February, when winter grips the vegetation of lands more northerly, the Sicilian countryside bursts into bloom—of almond, peach, and other fruit trees—and the colouring and fragrance of the landscape are wonderful. At such a time it is difficult to imagine even the cold and gloom of the English February, and it is a matter for wonderment that more of those who have the time and the means to do so do not pay a visit to this delectable island.

Perhaps it is because it is an island, and yet the sea journey from Naples to Palermo is such a short one, and is made in such comfortable vessels, and generally in a calm sea, that this should prove no obstacle; and such attractive fares are offered for the journey from London to Palermo and back, from January 1 onwards—the result of a 50 per cent. reduction on the Italian railways' portion of the fare and 25 per cent. on the Naples–Palermo steamer ticket, which are available even by *trains-de-luxe*—

BETWEEN MESSINA AND TAORMINA: A delightful piece of coastal scenery

that the expense involved is very moderate. Moreover, Sicily has this great attraction for those who are averse from holiday-making in the mass—it is not a tourist-ridden island.

Apart from its splendid climate and its great natural beauty, Sicily has a stirring history. Colonized in the earliest times by those great traders, the Phœnicians—later by Greeks and Carthaginians, and fought for, in turn, by these, and Romans, Goths, Saracens, Normans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards—each race has left some memorial of its rule, greatest of all the magnificent architectural remains of the Greek and Græco-Roman period; and centuries before the Phœnicians went as colonists to Sicily, the original inhabitants of Sicily—the Sicani, or Seculi, as they are variously termed, and from whom the island has taken its name—gave rise to a culture which was responsible for a certain class of pottery, with geometrical patterns, which has been closely resembled nowhere else. And in the Sicily of old, too, there were centres of that great Ægean civilization which wrought those architectural marvels which survive to-day in Crete.

The gem of Sicilian health resorts is Taormina, which has a reputation that is world wide for the mildness and salubrity of its winter climate, its fine hotels and its enjoyable social life, and for the beauty of its scenery and its situation—perched on the cliffs some 600 ft. above the sea, and commanding an exquisite view of the lovely scenery of the coast, with, to the South, the magnificent, snow-capped peak of Etna gleaming white in the brilliant sunshine. Huge hills of rock form Taormina's background, their lower slopes retaining sufficient soil to be studded with terraced gardens and luxuriant villas; and just above the picturesque town, looking down upon it from a northern aspect, are the superb ruins of Græco-Roman times, the remains of a splendid theatre, from which the view of Taormina, the coastline, and Etna beyond is one of the most perfect in the world.

TAORMINA: A general view of the town showing its pleasant situation some 600 ft. above the sea

Delightful walks lead from Taormina to the seashore, by which nestles Giardini, the pretty little resort which serves as a station for Taormina and is really its suburb by the sea, with an excellent bathing beach and fine hotels; and here the coastline—with Cape S. Andrea, fantastic in outline, forming a little sand-fringed jewel of a bay, from the sapphire surface of which rise the rocks of Isola Bella—is a marvel of beauty.

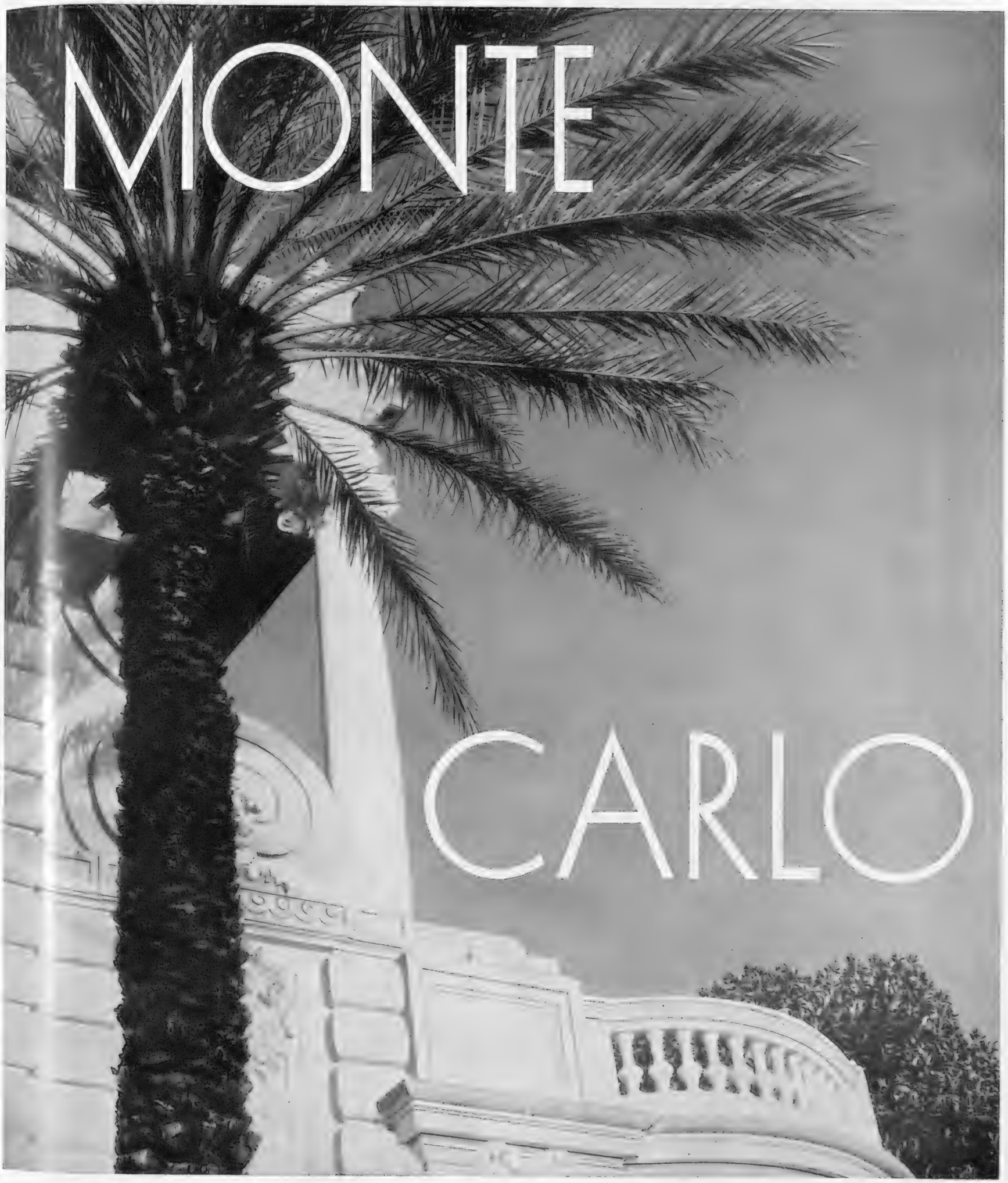
Palermo, Sicily's capital, on the northern coast, has a splendid situation on a beautiful bay and a setting of great charm, half circled by orchards and lemon groves, backed by rugged mountains. Here are large hotels, of the most modern type, as in Taormina, with their own tennis courts and (at Montebello) a very well-equipped bathing establishment, and a nine-hole golf course, theatres, an opera house, and an English tea-room, and facilities for dancing are general. In a word, Palermo is a very up-to-date health resort, with fine promenades, a lovely botanical garden, and with buildings which are beautiful and of great historical interest—the Cathedral, founded by an English archbishop in the twelfth century, and containing the tomb of the Emperor Frederick II, the Palace of King Roger with wonderful mosaics and wooden roof in the Arab style, elaborately fretted and painted, the exquisite Royal Chapel, the bell-tower and cloisters of San Giovanni degli Eremiti and the city gates, Porta Nuova and Porta Felice, both fine examples of the baroque style. Near the city are the Cathedral of Monreale and the church of Santo Spirito, the scene of the outbreak of the terrible Sicilian Vespers in 1282, when there was a general massacre of the French who then occupied Sicily. Palermo is a good centre for touring the island.

In the south-eastern corner of Sicily lies Syracuse, a modern port, with steamship services to Malta, Tripoli, and elsewhere, a winter health resort with a dry, sunny climate, though somewhat windy, and one of the most interesting archæological centres in the world, for this was the chief Greek city in the island in bygone days, and it was of such importance that it challenged the might of Athens and destroyed a blockading Athenian fleet! Here, in the Greek theatre, the plays of Æschylus were first performed, and the town and its neighbourhood are strewn with the remains of the Greek period, and of the Carthaginians and Romans who came after them—ancient theatres, forts, walls, altars, tombs, temples, and other buildings.

Two other extremely interesting centres of ancient Greek culture are Segesto, with its splendid theatre and temple, which can be visited with ease from Palermo in a day, and Agrigento, the site of the old Greek city of Akragos and, later, of the prosperous and wealthy Roman Agrigentum. The town stands a thousand feet above the sea, and the remains of the magnificent temples of the past are on a plateau between the town and the coast. Not far from Agrigento is Sciacca, a watering-place noted for its ultra-hot sulphurous waters, and another resort for sulphurous waters and baths is Acireale, which, like Sciacca, has a modern establishment for treatment, and which is situated close to Catania, a watering-place some thirty miles south of Taormina, a pretty little place and the centre for visiting Etna.

THE SEASIDE SUBURB OF PALERMO: An avenue of palms at Mondello

IN TAORMINA'S LOVELY BAY: A view of the rocky Islet of Bella Isola



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E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

YOU COULD BE THERE TOMORROW

CHRISTMAS PARTIES

Whether it is your own party or someone else's, you may feel reassured if Holloway's Gin figures conspicuously in the cocktails, for the evening is certain to be a success. Incidentally, if you want to give a really acceptable present, why not send Holloway's Gin? Double distilled and crystal clear, it is ideal for long as well as short drinks

✣ ✣

Soft drinks must not be forgotten, for they are very important on such occasions. "Presta" lemonade, ginger beer, ginger ale, and tonic waters, to say nothing of the delicious sparkling grape fruit, are deservedly popular, for they are refreshingly cool and pleasing. Make a point of ordering a supply without delay, and be sure that it is a generous one. The proprietors are the Apollinaris Co., Ltd., of 4, Stratford Place, Oxford Street, W.

✣ ✣

Most people appreciate good coffee, but few indeed ever succeed in providing it. Actually it is the roasting of the coffee that is all-important, and if you insist on getting Rolls' H.R. Coffee, you are securing one that represents years of study in the science of roasting and blending. It is most carefully tested and packed under vacuum, and is exceptionally fragrant and satisfying

At all times the majority of women are ready to welcome a cup of tea that is hot and delicious. There is little need for us to speak of the manifold virtues of United Kingdom Tea, so well is it known, but a gift suggestion that is timely and infinitely acceptable is the "Crown Derby" canister that holds 1 lb. of tea and costs 2s. 6d. You may judge of the attractiveness of the container by the picture on the left, though this cannot show its charming colouring

✣ ✣

Something really new is likely to be warmly welcomed. "Dubarry" are quite different from the conventional idea of a biscuit. Made from the recipes of famous Continental chefs, they are baked in a patent oven, and their delicacy and crispness have to be tasted to be believed. The "Theatre Assortment" is seen in the centre at the head of the page, but there are many other varieties—including Afternoon Tea and Cocktail Fingers

✣ ✣

A small gift, but one that will give great pleasure, is the "Flip-Flap" cigarette case. An intriguing novelty, made in fascinating modern coloured designs, chromium and nickel-plated, engine turned, they cost 4s. 6d. each. The case is held in one hand, and is opened by a slight pressure of the thumb. It shuts automatically on being released

TRAVEL THAT REPAYS.

A world-traveller, lately home from a first visit to South Africa, observes in pleasant reminiscence that Africa was the first Continent to figure in history but the last Continent to be explored.

What an inviting line of thought for your travels this Winter!

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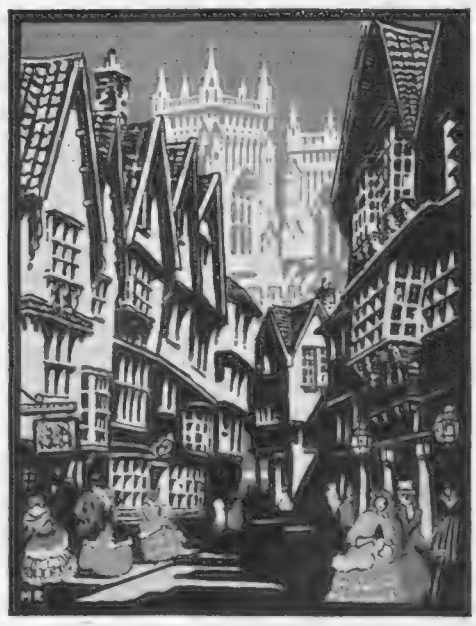
BOOKS (Continued from p. 408)

But let us leave this beating-heart stuff and all the glory and grandeur of Glasgow. There is another Mr. Mackenzie one can read without making rude noises, and this book is packed with good and surprising stuff. There is *A Fragment of Musical Autobiography*, in which the early life and ambitions of the author are most engagingly discussed. Then there is Mackenzie of the Isles, who emerges from Herm, Capri, or the Shiant Islands, and tells one the most astonishing things about sensitive plants, internal combustion, seeds, seals, seagazing, and Hell. There is a chapter on writing for money that should be read by every young man and woman suffering from James Joyce or the Chelsean itch.

With what ringing commonsense he addresses himself to the commonplace problems of life! There is an admirable essay on *Money and Happiness*, in which a man who has tried almost everything discovers at last that "the only thing necessary to happiness is to know what one wants. If that question be once answered the rest of the road will be easy going." These essays were well worth reaping and binding and putting into store.



ARTISTIC CHRISTMAS CARDS: A notable example of the work offered by W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd., of Cambridge

THE EAST END MISSION

The work of the East End Mission is carried on from seven centres, each of which radiates light in districts that are dark, dreary, depressing. Perhaps the section of its operations best known to the public is that which concerns itself with the welfare of slum children. Every winter about 50,000 are provided with a good breakfast so that they may start the day well with hunger satisfied. Each breakfast costs only 3d.; not a great sum for so great a benefit. Christmas "Treats" are given to 15,000 boys and girls, and they are "Treats" indeed a long entertainment, a big bag of "goodies," and, perhaps best of all, a toy of his or her own choosing. Each "Treat" costs 2s., and is keenly anticipated, enjoyed, remembered. *The East End Star*, the illustrated magazine of the Mission containing full details, month by month, of the many-sided efforts to brighten life in the slums of Stepney and its neighbourhood, can be had from the Superintendent, the Rev. Percy Ineson, Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1, who will gratefully receive much-needed contributions.

"BURKE'S PEERAGE"

The ninety-second edition of *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* for 1934, which marks its 105th year of publication, will be published at the beginning of December, 1933, by Burke's Peerage, Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2. The ordinary edition is priced at £5 5s., while the special edition bound in morocco is £9 9s. Two separate volumes of the Peerage and Baronetage are £2 2s. each, and the Knightage Section separately is £1 10s.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Thousands of Christmas card designs are issued each year, but it is not often one comes across a series which is uniformly of high artistic merit. The picture on the left is one of an excellent selection of cards and calendars sent us by Messrs. W. Heffer and Sons, Ltd. of Cambridge, and demonstrates the class of production which this firm is offering this Christmas. The firm's "Cantabrigia" black and white and their "Silhouart" series give a wide range of choice and, above all, are extremely reasonable in price.

Come with us to

MADEIRA

CHRISTMAS SUNSHINE HOLIDAYS
AT REDUCED RETURN FARES
By Mail Vessels from Southampton
DECEMBER 15 & 22 · £27 (1st Class) · £18 (2nd Class)
Also Xmas and New Year Tours to
SOUTH AFRICA, DECEMBER 29,
JAN. 12 & 26 · £90 (1st Class return) · £60 (2nd Class return) · £30 (3rd Class return)
Write for Illustrated Folders

UNION-CASTLE LINE

HEAD OFFICE: 3, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3
West End Agency: 125, Pall Mall, S.W.1, or local agents.

"BACKLESS"
WHITE DRESS WAISTCOATS

There is a marked difference in appearance between an article made in a factory for a price, and one that is carefully tailored and cut.

Only the Best materials are used, the garments are not skimped, workmanship and finish of high grade.

It is necessary to point out that the making of WHITE Waistcoats is a special branch of work for which the ordinary tailor is not trained.

Prices
STOCK SIZES - - - 35/-
TO ORDER - - - 37/6

Established 1898

T. M. Lewin

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G. J. LEWIN

Only Address
39, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.1

PACKED IN BOXES OF

200–10/-

150, 100, 50

7/6 5/- 2/6

Alongside are shown the "200" and "50" Boxes. The "150" and "100" are exactly the same in style and appearance.

The Craven "A" Christmas Packings in all sizes have an outer wrapper of moisture-proof "Cellophane".

Craven "A" in Christmas Packings~a happy Gift

Send or give Craven "A" in the cheery, seasonable, red-and-gold packings. Conveniently arranged for immediate presentation and sturdy to withstand transit by post. There are four sizes—"50" (2/6), "100" (5/-), "150" (7/6), and "200" (10/-), and it will be difficult to better any one of these as a pleasing, inexpensive "thought" for Christmas.

It is probable no other Cigarette has ever received such individual and collective endorsement as Craven "A" records reveal; (certainly no Cigarette was ever made with greater care, or under more ideal conditions). Your friends — you too — will appreciate the coolness, smoothness and the satisfying flavour of Craven "A" — kindly to the throat.

The smallest photograph shows the reverse side of the "50" box. In the space provided you can add your name to make the Gift complete in itself. The "100", "150" and "200" boxes are packed and wrapped in the same convenient way.

CRAVEN "A"

Made specially to prevent sore throats

C.A 30

The Shopper's Paradise

(Continued from p. 402)

the busiest Christmas we have had for years and years." Just as we leave Mr. Johnson shows us two freak orders of bygone days. The first is for bull's ears in brine, two fresh live terrapins, dried bêche-de-mer, tinned bear hump, preserved plovers' eggs in aspic jelly, and Turkish rose-leaf jam. The second is for stuffed sucking pig, tinned buffalo hump, genuine Chinese birds' nests, roasted cygnet, and a musical clothes brush. Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley.

My last port of call in my quest for information about getting ready for Christmas was one of the great West End shops. Here, too, plans are matured months in advance to deal with the seasonal purchases. Paradoxically, the main business of drapery takes completely second place at this time of year. The public does not buy clothes at Christmas time—at any rate in appreciable quantities. Instead, it buys vast quantities of bags, perfumes, and handkerchiefs. To deal with the demand, the markets of the world are searched for the previous nine months. For this nation seems to be the most generous in the world. We buy presents for our friends which we would never dream of buying for ourselves. But fortunately our friends do the same for us, and there we all are, dashing wildly about in frenzied haste, spending money, helping trade, and thoroughly enjoying ourselves. For there is no doubt about it. The great stores, with their marvellous window displays, their tempting offers, and their jolly Christmas spirit, make over-spending a positive pleasure.

The Great Paris Congress of 1856

(Continued from p. 399)

In the midst of the negotiations, a thunder of cannon-shots—the long-desired heir to the throne was born. Innumerable festivities followed. Only very imperfectly are we able to obtain a blurred picture from the descriptions of this most brilliant period. We gain, however, a very vivid impression of some of the chief actors in the proceedings, from pictures taken when photography was still in its earliest childhood. Men's clothes were becoming uniformed. The dandy wore the long black frock-coat with two rows of buttons. He was still permitted to wear trousers and waistcoat of light-coloured or even checked stuffs. Scotch tartans were used for waistcoats, a fashion eagerly adopted by Count Orloff, the hero of the moment. These men of a past epoch share one thing in common, a superior air of ease and self-confidence. There is no hint of romanticism in these genuine representations of a materialistic age.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A report has just come through from the Examiner of the Merchant Taylors' on the work submitted for the Annual Exhibition of Tailoring by the boys of Fordham House, which is a branch of the above Society. The Examiner reports the work to be very good indeed, and if anything slightly in advance in quality in every class. Special attention is given to neatness, good style, and a finish that is consistent with good tailoring. The work of some of the boys with short term tuition was really wonderful. He ends with the striking tribute, "The good work done by the Shaftesbury Homes should receive liberal support from the Tailoring Trade." Contributions are needed to carry on this great work among the less fortunate children of our land, and should be addressed, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

DEAN'S SPLENDID ANNUALS

FILM-LOVERS' ANNUAL
MICKEY MOUSE ANNUAL
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LUCIE ATTWELL'S ANNUAL

Each 2/6 Net
Of all Booksellers

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A DELIGHTFUL GIFT FOR A MOTORING FRIEND

6/9 IN NEAT LEATHER WALLET

The KISMET Pressure Gauge acts as a frequent and pleasant reminder of the Giver's esteem because it is a Gift which is regularly employed by the recipient. The KISMET is dead accurate in its register of air pressures, so that perfectly balanced tyres are assured.

The KISMET is handsomely finished in stainless metals. It is indeed an acceptable Gift to a motoring friend.

"Accuracy above all"

KISMET PRESSURE GAUGE

Calibrated in 1 lb. units, clearly marked on wide, flat surfaces. Guaranteed accurate.

From Garages and Stores, or direct post free—

Wm. TURNER & BRO., LTD., EYRE WORKS, SHEFFIELD 1

KT 69

BRONCO is a toilet paper the quality of which has never been surpassed, either in this or any other country.

It is extremely thin, yet very strong. It is velvet-soft, therefore perfectly suited to the most tender skin. It is antiseptic, therefore definitely hygienic. Yet by reason of the large number of sheets in every roll (approximately 800), the benefits of this superb toilet paper can be enjoyed by those whose means are moderate equally with those who habitually buy the best regardless of cost. When next you buy toilet paper, ask for BRONCO.

You can get Bronco from nearly all stores, stationers, grocers, chemists, etc.

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

Solely Manufactured by
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co., Ltd.
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A LOAD OF HAPPINESS

Christmas Parties Again!

Thousands of boys and girls—literally thousands—in Stepney, Bethnal Green and Mile End, are wondering whether they will be invited to the

"Treats" for poor children provided each Winter by the Mission.

They have great expectations. May they be realised! Each "Treat" consists of a long entertainment, a big bag of "Goodies," and every child receives a toy of his or her own choosing. We are planning for

15,000 little ones to be our guests.

2/- pays for one—not much money for so much happiness.

Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by The Rev. Percy Ineson (Superintendent).

East End Mission
Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E. 1.

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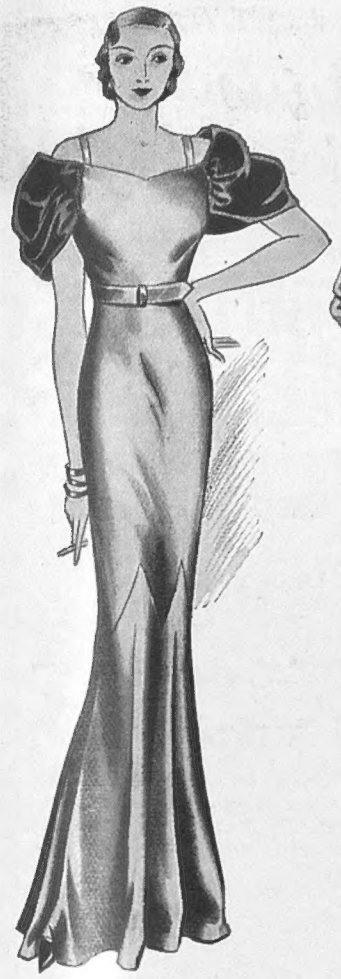

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draped velvet sleeves are an effective contrast on a ripple satin evening gown.

5 guineas

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a princess style is relieved of its simplicity by "funnel" sleeves lined with contrast. in art marocain.

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a style as sweet as its name in lace and net with a billowy skirt and ruffly sleeves.

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that is why the best dressed man has his clothes made in savile row.

that is why the wise woman comes to corot.....to bond street.

her clothes are invariably "quite right"; distinguished in the manner that best becomes the englishwoman, and with that hint of "difference" that is so much more effective, so much more in good taste, than casual, haphazard dressing.

here, fashion is tempered with discrimination to achieve the perfect result, at prices we can all afford, and on an instalment system that takes any strain off the bank balance.

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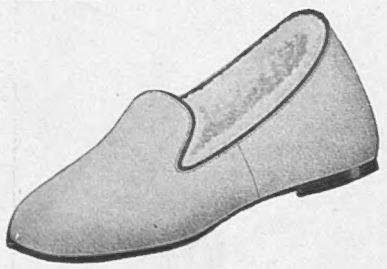
Our famous sheepskin slipper, made with fleece turned to the inside, with solid leather sole, is ideal for winter wear.

Natural colour, Men's 11/6. Ladies' 10/6

Dark brown, ,, 12/6. ,, 11/6

Made in England from English Sheepskins.

Great variety in stock of other slippers suitable for Xmas presents. Prices 4/6 to 25/-



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GIVE 'SWANS' *this Christmas*

230/50 (Jade) 23/6 Also other colours.

Give lasting pleasure this Christmas —let your gift be a 'Swan' Pen. Everybody admires the exceptional qualities which have made them world-popular—their smoothness in writing, beautiful appearance, and complete reliability.

All 'Swans' are guaranteed without time-limit. Unsuitable nibs changed after presentation if returned in saleable condition, and names, inscriptions, etc., can be quickly and inexpensively engraved.

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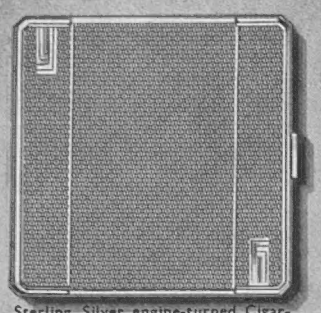

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		9ct. Gold
3¼×2¾ in.	£1.10.0	£16.0.0
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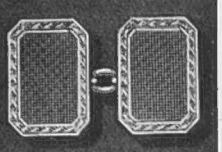
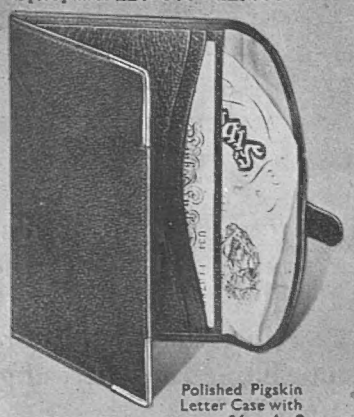


Platinum and 18ct. Gold Links. Per pair . £5.12.6



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two Silver-gilt mounts .. £1. 1.0
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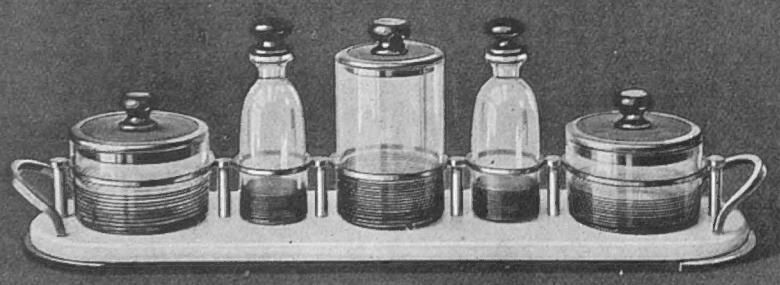

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THE BRITISH BUTTNER is the remarkable new PIPE

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This pipe, with no hidden corners or tubes, provides the perfect, clean, healthy and enjoyable smoke.

The unique feature of THE BUTTNER PIPE is the special porous filter (the only imported part of the pipe)—a scientific triumph—light and absorbent, which compels the smoke to travel by fluted passages before reaching the mouth cool, dry and fragrant.

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A spare filter is supplied gratis with every pipe and additional filters can be obtained from the Company or most leading tobacconists.

THE BUTTNER PIPE is already being smoked by hundreds of thousands of smokers in Great Britain and Abroad. It makes an immediate appeal to the most exacting smoker. It transforms smoking from a doubtful pleasure to enjoyment free of annoyance.

Try it for yourself!

The Ideal Xmas Gift

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Complete Pipe 5/6
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N.B.—We are producing artistic Caskets of unique shape and beautiful material, each containing 2 Pipes and 4 reserve Filters, at 35/- and 37/6; also Leather Companion Cases, each containing 2 Pipes and 2 reserve Filters, at a Guinea. These will make exceptionally attractive and useful Christmas Presents. Apply for our illustrated Christmas Leaflet to:—The British Buttner Pipe Co., Ltd., 49, Queen Street, Glasgow, C. 1

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Please send me by return a Buttner Pipe with one spare Filter, in payment of which I enclose Postal Order for 5/6.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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(Sphere).....

(Please use block capitals for name and address.)

Or ask your Tobacconist.

BUT MAKE SURE YOU GET A "BUTTNER"

Should you wish one sent direct to a friend as a Christmas Gift, just enclose his address and we will dispatch with a card conveying your greetings.

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Beaulieu (A.M.)—The Carlton.—Full south. Lge. sheltered garden—Winter tms. fr. Frs. 40. Summer: Carlton Hotel, Le Touquet (C. du N.)

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R.A.C. **TORQUAY** 'Phone 2748.

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FINEST POSITION OVERLOOKING BAY.

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BENGER'S Food

for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED

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INHALANT

Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

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First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

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Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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Violent purges cause more trouble than relief. Restore your bowels to normal functioning with the laxative principles of pure fruit contained in Tamar.

This pleasant-tasting lozenge forms no habits and does not gripe; it is gentle and soothing, a permanent safeguard against piles, and relief for gastric and digestive troubles.

3/- per box

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

From all good Chemists. Write for generous sample to—Guyot Guenin & Son, (Dept. S.P.), 67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

How Disfiguring!

Pimples and blotches will mar the beauty of any complexion, no matter how lovely it may be otherwise. They are so unnecessary, too, when regular daily use of **Cuticura Soap**, assisted by **Cuticura Ointment**, will keep the skin clear and healthy. There is nothing better for all forms of skin troubles.

Sold at all chemists.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s.3d. and 2s.6d.

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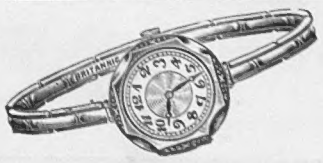

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The beauty that lasts and is not the thing of a moment, but can be admired and enjoyed continuously.

That is the beauty of a "BRITANNIC" Watch Bracelet, the result of highly skilled craftsmanship. You can rely on a "BRITANNIC," tested to withstand unlimited opening and closing.

The first cost may be a little more, but it will be the cheapest in the end.

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On sale at all good-class Jewellers' in various widths, complete with watches in many styles from £4.15.0 or "BRITANNIC" Expanding Bracelets alone, with hooks to replace straps.

Write for illustrated list, or if in difficulty about guarantee, to B.C.M. (Britannic), 57, London.

FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

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